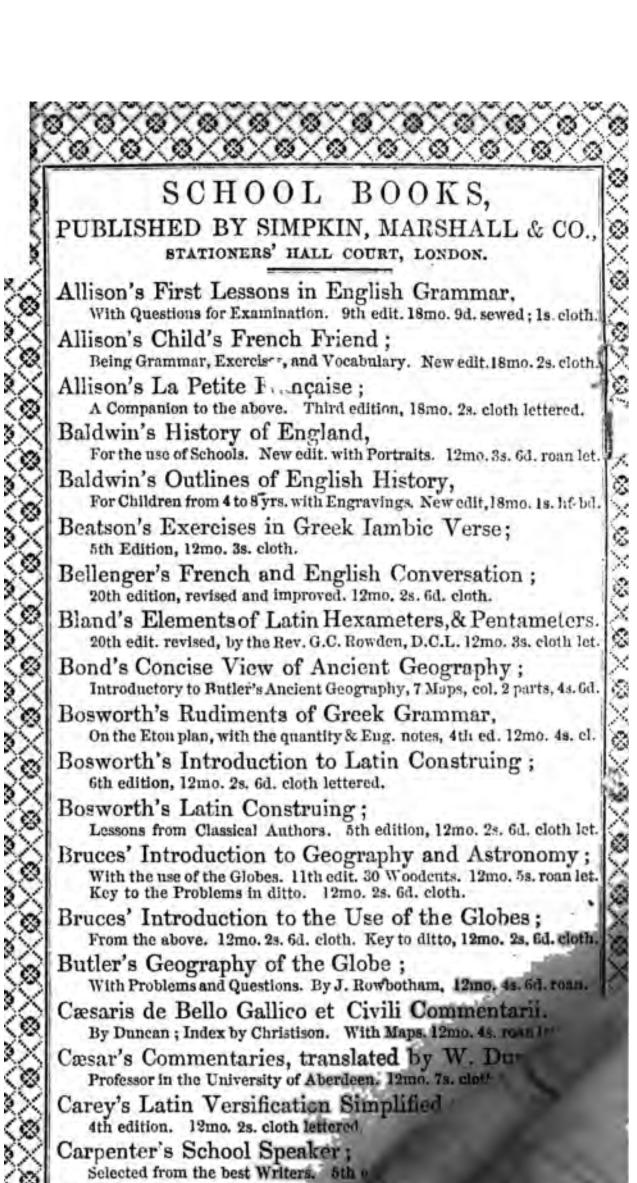




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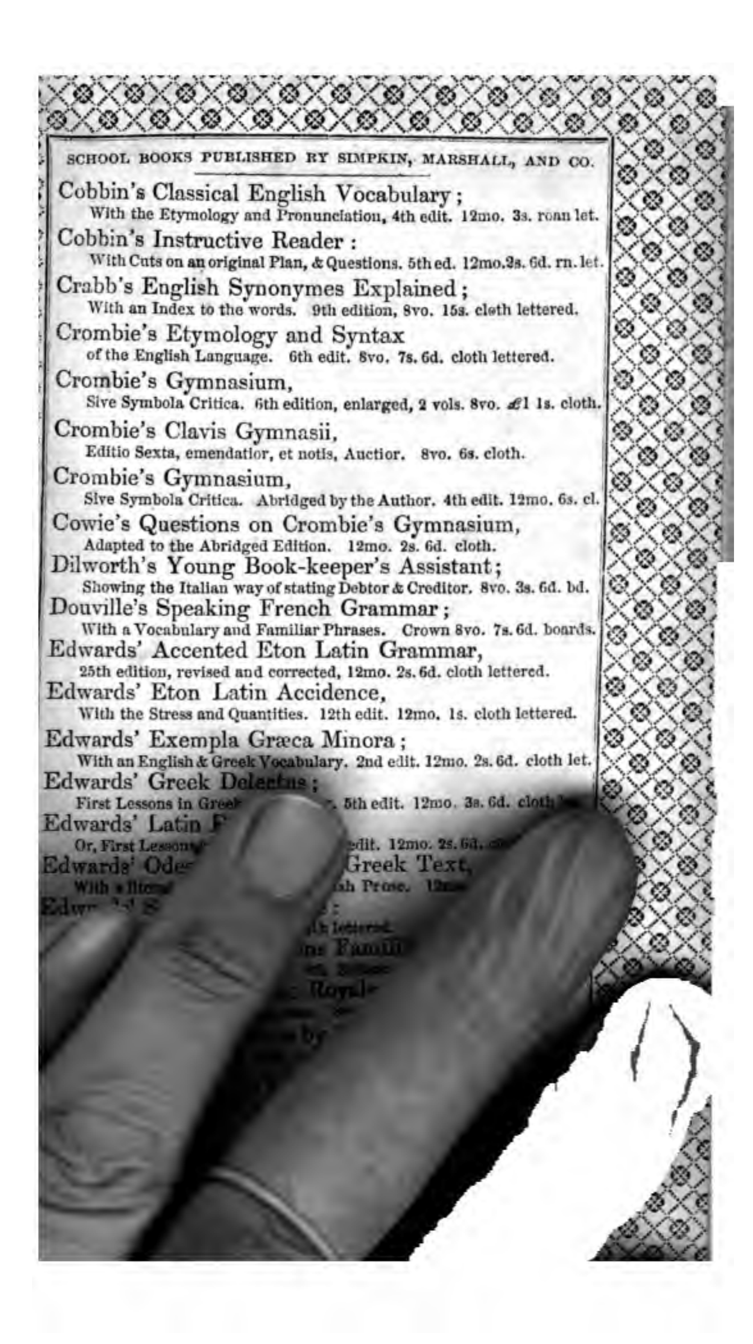
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Sustulit ad proceres; expectatoque resolvit
Ora sono; nec abest facundis gratia dictis ...*Ovid.*

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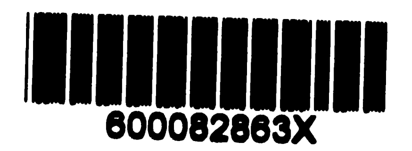
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1851.



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TO

JOHN CARILL WORSLEY, ESQ.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE

ACADEMY IN WARRINGTON.

SIR,

THIS work having been undertaken principally with the design of assisting the Students at WARRINGTON in acquiring a just and graceful Elocution, I feel a peculiar propriety in addressing it to you, as a public acknowledgment of the steady support which you have given to this institution, and the important services which you have rendered it.

In this Seminary, which was at first established, and has been uniformly conducted, on the extensive plan of providing a proper course of Instruction for young men in the most useful branches of Science and Literature, you have seen many respectable characters formed, who are now filling up their stations in society with reputation to themselves and advantage to the public. And while

the same great object continues to be pursued, by faithful endeavours to cultivate the understandings of youth, and by a steady attention to discipline, it is hoped that you will have the satisfaction to observe the same effects produced, and that the scene will be realised, which our POETESS has so beautifully described—

When this, this little group their Country calls
From academic shades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her spirit to sustain,
And light up glory through her wide domain,
Their various tastes in diff'rent arts display'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and shade,
With friendly union in one mass shall blend,
And this adorn the state, and that defend.

I am,

With sincere respect and gratitude,

DEAR SIR,

Your much obliged, and

most obedient servant,

WILLIAM ENFIELD.

Warrington Academy.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DR. ENFIELD'S "Speaker" has long been a favourite Manual of Instruction in Reading, Elocution, and Recitation. This popularity is in a great measure owing to the good taste and discrimination evinced in the selections. But as it was felt that a few of the most beautiful pieces in our more modern literature would be a valuable accession in themselves, and strictly in unison with the original design, the publishers have availed themselves of the services of the Rev. James Pycroft in making an appropriate selection, and they trust that the care bestowed upon the present Edition will secure for the work a larger share of public favour than it has even hitherto enjoyed.

In addition to passages from Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, and Cowper, the publishers have been enabled, by the kind permission of the proprietors of the respective copyrights, to add a few of those choice pieces which are too widely scattered, and in too

expensive a form, to be generally available in the instruction of youth. Such are--"The Spanish Armada," by T. B. Macaulay; "Hohenlinden," by Campbell; Bishop Heber's "Hymn in India;" "The Homes of England," by Mrs. Hemans; and the favourite "Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore."

Sept., 1851.

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ESSAY ON ELOCUTION.

—Id affert ratio, docent literæ, confirmat consuetudo legendi et loquendi.—Cicero.

Much declamation has been employed to convince the world of a very plain truth, that to be able to speak well is an ornamental and useful accomplishment. Without the laboured panegyrics of ancient or modern orators, the importance of a good elocution is sufficiently obvious. Every one will acknowledge it to be of some consequence, that what man has hourly occasion to do, should be done well. Every private company, and almost every public assembly, afford opportunities of remarking the difference between a just and graceful, and a faulty and unnatural, elocution; and there are few persons who do not daily experience the advantages of the former, and the inconveniences of the latter. The great difficulty is, not to prove that it is a desirable thing to be able to read and speak with propriety, but to point out a practicable and easy method by which this accomplishment may be acquired.

Follow Nature, is certainly the fundamental law of Oratory, without regard to which, all other rules will only produce affected declamation, not just elocution. And some accurate observers, judging, perhaps, from a few unlucky specimens of modern eloquence, have concluded that this is the only law which ought to be prescribed; that all artificial rules are useless; and that good sense and a cultivated taste are the only requisites to form a good public speaker. But it is true in the art of speaking, as well as in the art of living, that general precepts are of little use till they are unfolded, and applied to particular cases. To discover and correct those tones and habits of speaking which are gross deviations from Nature, and, as far as they prevail, must destroy all propriety and grace of utterance; and to acquire a habit

of reading, or speaking, upon every occasion, in a manner suited to the nature of the subject, and the kind of discourse or writing to be delivered, whether it be narrative, didactic, argumentative, oratorical, colloquial, descriptive, or pathetic, must be the result of much attention and labour. And there can be no reason to doubt, that, in passing through that course of exercise which is necessary in order to attain this end, much assistance may be derived from instruction. What are rules or lessons for acquiring this or any other art, but the observations of others, collected into a narrow compass, and digested in a natural order, for the direction of the inexperienced and unpractised learner? And what is there in the art of speaking which should render it incapable of receiving aid from precepts?

Presuming, then, that the acquisition of the art of speaking, like all other practical arts, may be facilitated by rules, I shall lay before my readers, in a plain didactic form, such Rules respecting Elocution as appear best adapted to form a correct and graceful speaker.

RULE I.

Let your Articulation be distinct and deliberate.

A GOOD Articulation consists in giving a clear and full utterance to the several simple and complex sounds. The nature of the sounds, therefore, ought to be well understood: and much pains should be taken to discover and correct those faults in articulation, which, though often ascribed to some defect in the organs of speech, are generally the consequence of inattention or bad example.

Some persons find it difficult to articulate the letter *l*; others, the simple sounds expressed by *r*, *s*, *th*, *sh*; but the instance of defective articulation which is most common, and therefore requires particular notice, is the omission of the aspirate; *h*. Through several counties in England this defect almost universally prevails, and sometimes occasions ludicrous, and even serious mistakes. This is an omission which materially affects the energy of pronunciation; the expression of emotions and passions often depending, in a

great measure, upon the vehemence with which the aspirate is uttered. The *h* is sometimes perversely enough omitted where it ought to be sounded, and sounded where it ought to be omitted; the effect of which will be easily perceived in the following examples: *He had learned the whole art of angling by heart: heat the soup.*—These and other similar faults may be corrected by daily reading sentences so contrived as frequently to repeat the sounds which are incorrectly uttered; and especially, by remarking them whenever they occur in conversation.

Other defects in articulation regard the complex sounds, and consist in a confused and cluttering pronunciation of words. The most effectual methods of conquering this habit are, to read aloud passages chosen for the purpose, such, for instance, as abound with long and unusual words, or in which many short syllables come together; and to read, at certain stated times, much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. Almost all persons, who have not studied the art of speaking, have a habit of uttering their words so rapidly, that this latter exercise ought generally to be made use of for a considerable time at first: for where there is a uniformly rapid utterance, it is absolutely impossible that there should be strong emphasis, natural tones, or any just elocution.

Aim at nothing higher till you can read distinctly and deliberately.

> Learn to speak slow: all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places.

RULE II.

Let your Pronunciation be bold and forcible.

An insipid flatness and languor are almost universal faults in reading. Even public speakers often suffer their words to drop from their lips with such a faint and feeble utterance, that they appear neither to understand nor feel what they say themselves, nor to have any desire that it should be understood or felt by their audience. This is a fundamental fault; a speaker without energy is a lifeless statue.

In order to acquire a forcible manner of pronouncing your words, inure yourself, while reading, to draw in as much air as your lungs can contain with ease, and to expel it with vehemence in uttering those sounds which require an emphatical pronunciation; read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion you can command; preserve your body in an erect attitude while you are speaking; let all the consonant sounds be expressed with a full impulse or percussion of the breath, and a forcible action of the organs employed in forming them; and let all the vowel sounds have a full and bold utterance. Continue these exercises with perseverance till you have acquired strength and energy of speech.

But, in observing this rule, beware of running into the extreme of vociferation. This fault is chiefly found among those who, in contempt and despite of all rule and propriety, are determined to command the attention of the vulgar. These are the speakers who, in Shakspeare's phrase, "offend the judicious hearer to the soul, by tearing a passion to rags, to very tatters, to split the ears of the groundlings." Cicero compares such speakers to cripples, who get on horseback because they cannot walk: they bellow because they cannot speak.

RULE III.

Acquire compass and variety in the height of your voice.

The monotony so much complained of in public speakers is chiefly owing to the neglect of this rule. They commonly content themselves with one certain key, which they employ on all occasions, and upon every subject: or if they attempt variety, it is only in proportion to the number of their hearers, and the extent of the place in which they speak; imagining, that speaking in a high key is the same thing as speaking loud; and not observing, that whether a speaker shall be heard or not depends more upon the distinctness and force with which he utters his words, than upon the height of the key in which he speaks.

Within a certain compass of notes, above or below which articulation would be difficult, propriety of speaking requires variety in the height, as well as in the strength and tone

of the voice. Different kinds of speaking require different heights of voice. Nature instructs us to relate a story, to support an argument, to command a servant, to utter exclamations of rage or anger, and to pour forth lamentations and sorrows, not only with different tones, but with different elevations of voice. Men, at different ages of life, and in different situations, speak in very different keys. The vagrant, when he begs; the soldier, when he gives the word of command; the watchman, when he announces the hour of the night; the sovereign, when he issues his edict; the senator, when he harangues; the lover, when he whispers his tender tale; do not differ more in the tones which they use than in the key in which they speak. Reading and speaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expression in real life are copied, must have continual variations in the height of the voice.

To acquire the power of changing the key in which you speak at pleasure, accustom yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the lowest to the highest notes on which you can articulate distinctly. Many of these would neither be proper nor agreeable in speaking; but the exercise will give you such a command of voice as is scarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having repeated this experiment till you can speak with ease at several heights of the voice, read, as exercises on this rule, such compositions as have a variety of speakers, or such as relate dialogues; observing the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavouring to change it as Nature directs.

In the same composition there may be frequent occasion to alter the height of the voice, in passing from one part to another, without any change of person. This is the case, for example, in Shakspeare's "All the world 's a stage," &c., and in his description of the Queen of the Fairies.*

RULE IV.

Pronounce your words with propriety and elegance.

It is not easy to fix upon any standard by which the propriety of pronunciation may be determined. A rigorous

* See Book vii. Chaps. xix. and xxiv. of this work.

adherence to etymology, or to analogy, would often produce a pedantic pronunciation of words, which in a polite circle would appear perfectly ridiculous. The fashionable world has, in this respect, too much caprice and affectation to be implicitly followed. If there be any true standard of pronunciation, it must be sought for among those who unite the accuracy of learning with the elegance of polite conversation. An attention to such models, and a free intercourse with the world, afford the best guard against the peculiarities and vulgarisms of provincial dialects.

The faults in pronunciation, which belong to this class, are too numerous to be completely specified. Except the omission of the aspirate already mentioned, one of the most common is, the interchange of the sounds belonging to the letters *v* and *w*. One who had contracted this habit would find some difficulty in pronouncing these words; *I like white wine vinegar with veal very well.* Other provincial improprieties of pronunciation are, the changing of *ow* into *er*, or of *aw* into *or*, as in *fellow*, *window*, the *law of* the land; that of *ou* or *ow* into *oo*, as in *house*, *town*; *i* into *oi*, as in *my*; *e* into *a*, as in *sincere*, *tea*; and *s* into *z*, as in *Somerset.* These faults, and all others of the same nature, must be avoided in the pronunciation of a gentleman, who is supposed to have seen too much of the world to retain the peculiarities of the district in which he was born.

RULE V.

Pronounce every word consisting of more than one syllable with its proper ACCENT.

As, when any stringed musical instrument receives a smart percussion, its vibrations at first produce a loud and full sound, which gradually becomes soft and faint, although the note, during the whole vibration, remains the same; so any articulate sound may be uttered with different degrees of strength, proportioned to the degree of exertion with which it is spoken. In all words consisting of more syllables than one, we give some one syllable a more forcible utterance than the rest. This variety of sound, which is

called Accent, serves to distinguish from each other the words of which a sentence is composed; without it the ear would perceive nothing but an unmeaning succession of detached syllables. Accent may be applied either to long or to short syllables, but does not, as some writers have supposed, change their nature; for Accent implies not an extension of time, but an increase of force. In the words *pity*, *enemy*, the first syllable, though accented, is still short. Syllables may be long, which are not accented; as appears in the words *empire*, *exile*. Accent affects every part of the syllable, by giving additional force to the utterance of the whole complex sound, but does not lengthen or change the vowel sound. In the words *habit*, *specimen*, *proper*, as they are pronounced by Englishmen, the first syllable, though accented, is not long. Some words, consisting of several syllables, admit of two accents, one more forcible than the other, but both sufficiently distinguishable from the unaccented parts of the word; as in the words *monumental*, *manifestation*, *naturalization*.

In accenting words, care should be taken to avoid all affected deviations from common usage. There is the greater occasion for this precaution, as a rule has been arbitrarily introduced upon this subject, which has no foundation either in the structure of the English language, or in the principles of harmony; that in words consisting of more than two syllables, the Accent should be thrown as far backward as possible. This rule has occasioned much pedantic and irregular pronunciation; and has, perhaps, introduced all the uncertainty which attends the accenting of several English words.

RULE VI.

In every sentence, distinguish the more significant words by a natural, forcible, and varied EMPHASIS.

THERE are in every sentence certain words which have a greater share in conveying the speaker's meaning than the rest; and are, on this account, distinguished by the

forcible manner in which they are uttered. Thus in the sentence,

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity ;*

the principal stress is laid upon certain substantives, adjectives, and verbs ; and the rest of the sentence is spoken with an inferior degree of exertion. This stress, or emphasis, serves to unite words, and form them into sentences. By giving the several parts of a sentence their proper utterance, it discovers their mutual dependence, and conveys their full import to the mind of the hearer. It is in the power of Emphasis to make long and complex sentences appear intelligible and perspicuous. But for this purpose it is necessary that the reader should be perfectly acquainted with the exact construction, and full meaning, of every sentence which he recites. Without this it is impossible to give those inflections and variations to the voice which Nature requires ; and it is for want of this previous study, more perhaps than from any other cause, that we so often hear persons read with an improper emphasis, or with no emphasis at all ; that is, with a stupid monotony. Much study and pains are necessary in acquiring the habit of just and forcible pronunciation ; and it can only be the effect of close attention and long practice, to be able, with a mere glance of the eye, to read any piece with *good emphasis and good discretion.*

It is another office of emphasis to express the opposition between the several parts of a sentence, where the ideas are contrasted or compared ; as in the following sentences :

When our vices leave us, we fancy that we leave them.

A count'nance more in Sorrow, than in Anger.

A custom more honour'd in the Breach, than in the Observance.

In some sentences the antithesis is double, and even treble ; this must be expressed in reading by a corresponding combination of emphasis. The following instances are of this kind :

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

To err is human ; to forgive, divine.

---

* Book iii. Chap. ii.

An angry man who suppresses his passion, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.

He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

When any term, or phrase, is used to express some particular meaning, not obviously arising from the words, it should be marked by a strong emphasis; as,

To BE, contents his natural desire.

SIR Balaam now, he lives like other folks.

Then you will pass into Africa; WILL pass, did I say?

In expressing any maxim, or doctrine, which contains much meaning in a few words, the weight of the sentiment should be accompanied with a correspondent energy of pronunciation. For example:

One truth is clear; Whatever is, is right.

The principal words which serve to mark the divisions of a discourse should be distinguished in the same manner.

Emphasis may also serve to intimate some allusion, to express surprise, or to convey an oblique hint. For example:

While expletives their feeble aid do join.

He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo!—'twas WHITE.

And Brutus is an HONOURABLE man.

Lastly, Emphasis is of use in determining the sense of doubtful expressions. The following short sentence admits of three different meanings, according to the place of the emphasis:

Do you intend to go to London this summer?

For want of attending to the proper emphasis, the following passage of Scripture is often misunderstood:

If therefore the light that is IN thee be darkness, how great is THAT darkness!

In order to acquire a habit of speaking with a just and forcible emphasis, nothing more is necessary than previously to study the construction, meaning, and spirit of

every sentence, and to adhere as nearly as possible to the manner in which we distinguish one word from another in conversation; for in familiar discourse we scarcely ever fail to express ourselves emphatically, or place the emphasis improperly. With respect to artificial helps, such as distinguishing words or clauses of sentences by particular characters or marks; I believe it will be found, upon trial, that, except where they may be necessary as a guide to the sense, not leaving the reader at full liberty to follow his own understanding and feelings, they rather mislead than assist him.

The most common faults respecting emphasis are, laying so strong an emphasis upon one word as to leave no power of giving a particular force to other words, which, though not equally, are in a certain degree emphatical; and placing the greatest stress on conjunctive particles, and other words of secondary importance. This latter fault is humorously ridiculed by Churchill, in his censure of Mossop:

> With studied improprieties of speech
> He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach.
> To epithets allots emphatic state,
> While principals, ungrac'd, like lackeys wait.
> In ways first trodden by himself excels,
> And stands alone in indeclinables.
> Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
> To stamp new vigour on the nervous line;
> In monosyllables his thunders roll,
> HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

Emphasis is often destroyed by an injudicious attempt to read melodiously. In reading verse, this fault sometimes arises from a false notion of the necessity of preserving an alternate succession of unaccented and accented syllables: a kind of uniformity which the poet probably did not intend; and which, if he had, would certainly, at least in a poem of considerable length, become insufferably tiresome. In reading prose, this fondness for melody is, perhaps, more commonly the effect of indolence, or affectation, than of real taste; but, to whatever cause it may be ascribed, it is certainly unfavourable to true oratory. Agreeable inflections and easy variations of the voice, as far as they arise from, or are consistent with, just speaking, may deserve attention; but to substitute one unmeaning tune in the room of all the proprieties and graces of elocution, and then to applaud this manner under the appellation of *musical*

speaking, implies a perversion of judgment, which can admit of no defence. If public speaking must be musical, let the words be set to music in recitative, that these melodious speakers may no longer lie open to the sarcasm: *Do you read or sing? if you sing, you sing very ill.* It is much to be wondered at, that a kind of reading, which has so little merit considered as music, and none at all considered as speaking, should be so studiously practised, and so much admired. Can a method of reading, which is so entirely different from the usual manner of conversation, be natural or right? Or is it possible, that all the varieties of sentiment, which a public speaker has occasion to introduce, should be properly expressed in one melodious tone and cadence, employed alike on all occasions, and for all purposes?

RULE VII.

Acquire a just variety of Pause and Inflection.

PAUSES are not only necessary, in order to enable the speaker to take breath without inconvenience, and hereby preserve the command of his voice, but in order to give the hearer a distinct perception of the construction and meaning of each sentence, and a clear understanding of the whole. An uninterrupted rapidity of utterance is one of the worst faults in elocution. A speaker who has this fault, may be compared to an alarm-bell, which, when once put in motion, clatters on till the weight that moves it is run down. Without pauses, the spirit of what is delivered must be lost, and the sense must appear confused, and may even be misrepresented in a manner most absurd and contradictory. There have been reciters who have made Douglas say to Lord Randolph:

We fought and conquer'd ere a sword was drawn.*

In executing this part of the office of a speaker, it will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in

* Book ii. Chap. 18.

printing; for these are far from marking all the pauses which ought to be made in speaking. A mechanical attention to these resting places has, perhaps, been one cause of monotony, by leading the reader to a uniform cadence at every full period. The primary use of points is to assist the reader in discerning the grammatical construction; and it is only indirectly that they regulate his pronunciation. In reading, it may often be proper to make a pause where the printer has made none. Nay, it is very allowable, for the sake of pointing out the sense more strongly, preparing the audience for what is to follow, or enabling the speaker to alter the tone or height of the voice, sometimes to make a very considerable pause, where the grammatical construction requires none at all. In doing this, however, it is necessary, that, upon the word immediately preceding the pause, the voice be suspended in such a manner as to intimate to the hearer that the sense is not completed. The power of suspending the voice at pleasure is one of the most useful attainments in the art of speaking: it enables the speaker to pause as long as he chooses, and still keep the hearer in expectation of what is to follow.*

In order to perceive the manner in which this effect is produced, it is necessary to consider pauses as connected with those inflections of the voice which precede them. These are of two kinds: one of which conveys the idea of continuation; the other, that of completion; the former may be called the *suspending*, the latter the *closing* pause. Thus in the sentence;

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread,

the first and second pauses give the hearer an expectation of something farther, to complete the sense; the third pause denotes that the sense is completed.

There are, indeed, cases in which, though the sense is not completed, the voice takes the closing rather than the suspending pause. Thus, where a series of particulars are enumerated, the closing pause is, for the sake of variety, admitted in the course of the enumeration: but in this case the last word, or clause of the series, takes the sus-

* Mr. Garrick's power of suspending the voice is well described by Sterne. See Book vi., Chap. 3, of this work.

pending pause, to intimate to the hearer the connection of the whole series with what follows. For example:

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*

On the contrary, interrogative sentences are terminated by the suspending pause: as in the following example:

Hold you the watch to-night?—We do, my lord.—Arm'd, say you? —Arm'd, my lord.—From top to toe?—My lord, from head to foot.†

Except that, where an interrogative pronoun or adverb begins a sentence, it is usually ended with the closing pause; as,

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

and that, where two questions are united in one sentence, and connected by the conjunction *or*, the first takes the suspending, the second the closing, pause; as,

Would you have been Cæsar, or Brutus?

It may, notwithstanding, be received as a general rule, that the suspending pause is used where the sense is incomplete, and the closing where it is finished.

The closing pause must not be confounded with that fall of the voice, or *cadence*, with which many readers uniformly finish a sentence. Nothing can be more destructive of all propriety and energy than this habit. The tones and heights at the close of a sentence ought to be diversified, according to the general nature of the discourse, and the particular construction and meaning of the sentence. In plain narrative, and especially in argumentation, the least attention to the manner in which we relate a story, or maintain an argument, in conversation, will show, that it is more frequently proper to raise the voice, than to fall it, at the end of a sentence. Some sentences are so constructed, that the last words require a stronger emphasis than any of the preceding; while others admit of being closed with a soft and gentle sound. Where there is nothing in the sense which requires the last sound to be elevated or emphatical, an easy fall, sufficient to show

* Philipp. iv. 8.

† Book vi. Chap. 13. See a long series of Interrogations in Gloucester's Speech to the Nobles, Book v. Chap. 14.

that the sense is finished, will be proper. And in pathetic pieces, especially those of the plaintive, tender, or solemn kind, the tone of the passion will often require a still greater cadence of the voice. But before a speaker can be able to fall his voice with propriety and judgment at the close of a sentence, he must be able to keep it from falling, and to raise it, with all the variation which the sense requires. The best method of correcting a uniform cadence is, frequently to read *select sentences*, in which the style is pointed, and frequent *antitheses* are introduced; and argumentative pieces, or such as abound with interrogatives.

RULE VIII.

Accompany the emotions and passions which your words express by correspondent tones, looks, and gestures.

THERE is unquestionably a language of emotions and passions, as well as a language of ideas. Words are the arbitrary signs by which our conceptions and judgments are communicated, and for this end they are commonly sufficient; but we find them very inadequate to the purpose of expressing our feelings. If any one need a proof of this, let him read some dramatic speech expressive of strong passion (for example, Shakspeare's speech of Hamlet to the Ghost*) in the same unimpassioned manner in which he would read an ordinary article of intelligence. Even in the silent reading, where the subject interests the passions, every one who is not destitute of feeling, while he understands the meaning of the words, conceives the expression that would accompany them, if it were spoken.

The language of passion is uniformly taught by Nature, and is every where intelligible. It consists in the use of tones, looks, and gestures. When anger, fear, joy, grief, love, or any other passion is raised within us, we naturally discover it by the manner in which we utter our words, by the features of the face, and by other well-known signs. The eyes and countenance, as well as the voice, are capable of endless variety of expression, suited to every possible

* Book viii. Chap. 23.

diversity of feeling; and with these the general air and gesture naturally accord. The use of this language is not confined to the more vehement passions. Upon every subject and occasion on which we speak, some kind of feeling accompanies the words; and this feeling, whatever it be, has its proper expression.

It is an essential part of elocution to imitate this language of Nature. No one can deserve the appellation of a good speaker, much less of a complete orator, who does not, to a distinct articulation, a ready command of voice, and just pronunciation, accent, and emphasis, add the various expressions of emotions and passions. But in this part of his office precept can afford him little assistance. To describe in words the particular expression which belongs to each emotion and passion, is, perhaps, wholly impracticable. All attempts to enable men to become orators, by teaching them, in written rules, the manner in which the voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed in expressing the passions, must, from the nature of the thing, be exceedingly imperfect, and consequently ineffectual.

Upon this head, I shall therefore only lay down the following general precept: observe the manner in which the several passions and feelings are expressed in real life; and when you attempt to express any passion, inspire yourself with that secondary kind of feeling, which imagination is able to excite; and follow your feelings with no other restraint, than "this special observance, that you O'ERSTEP NOT THE MODESTY OF NATURE."

The same general principles, and rules of Elocution, are applicable to Prose and to Verse. The accent and general emphasis should be the same in both: and where the versification is correct, the melody will sufficiently appear, without any sacrifice of sense to sound. There is one circumstance, indeed, peculiar to the reading of poetry, which is, that the pause of suspension is here more frequently used than in prose, for the sake of marking the corresponding lines in rhyming couplets or stanzas, or to increase the melody of blank verse. It is also desirable, where it can be done without injuring the sense that a

short pause should be made at the end of every line, and, that verses consisting of ten or more syllables should, in some part, be broken by a rest or *cæsura*.

In the application of the Rules of Elocution to practice, in order to acquire a just and graceful elocution, it will be necessary to go through a regular course of exercises; beginning with such as are more easy, and proceeding by slow steps to such as are more difficult. In the choice of these, the practitioner should pay a particular attention to his prevailing defects, whether they regard articulation, command of voice, emphasis, or cadence: and he should content himself with reading and speaking with an immediate view to the correcting of his fundamental faults, before he aims at any thing higher. This may be irksome and disagreeable; it may require much patience and resolution; but it is the only way to succeed. For if a man cannot read simple sentences, or easy narrative or didactic pieces, with distinct articulation, just emphasis, and proper tones, how can he expect to do justice to the sublime description of poetry, or the animated language of the passions?

In performing these exercises, the learner should daily read aloud by himself, and, as often as he has opportunity, under the correction of an instructor or friend. He should also frequently recite compositions from memory. This method has several advantages. It obliges the speaker to dwell upon the ideas which he is to express, and hereby enables him to discern their particular meaning and force, and gives him a previous knowledge of the several inflexions, *emphases*, and tones, which the words require: by taking off his eye from the book, it in part relieves him from the influence of the school-boy habit of reading in a different key and tone from that of conversation; and it affords greater scope for expression in tones, looks, and gesture.

It were much to be wished, that all public speakers would deliver their thoughts and sentiments, either from memory, or immediate conception: for, beside that there is an artificial uniformity, which almost always distinguishes reading from speaking; the fixed posture, and the bending of the head, which reading requires, are inconsistent with the freedom, ease, and variety of just elocution.

But, if this is too much to be expected, especially from Preachers, who have so much to compose, and are so often called upon to speak in public; it is however extremely desirable that they should make themselves so well acquainted with their discourse, as to be able, with a single glance of the eye, to take in several clauses, or the whole of a sentence.*

I have only to add, that after the utmost pains have been taken to acquire a just elocution, and this with the greatest success, there is some difficulty in carrying the art of speaking out of the school, or chamber, to the bar, the senate, or the pulpit. A young man, who has been accustomed to perform frequent exercises in this art in private, cannot easily persuade himself, when he appears before the public, to consider the business he has to perform in any other light than as a trial of skill, and a display of oratory. Hence the character of an Orator is often treated with ridicule, sometimes with contempt. We are pleased with the easy and graceful movements, which the true gentleman has acquired by having learned to dance; but we are offended by the coxcomb, who is always exhibiting his formal dancing-bow, and minuet-step. So we admire the manly eloquence and noble ardour of the Senator employed in the cause of justice and freedom; the quick recollection, the ingenious reasoning, and the ready declamation of the accomplished Barrister; and the dignified simplicity and unaffected energy of the Sacred Instructor; but when, in any one of these capacities, a man so far forgets the ends and degrades the consequence of his profession, as to set himself forth under the character of a Spouter, and to parade it in the ears of the vulgar with all the pomp of artificial eloquence, though the unskilful may gaze and applaud, the judicious cannot but be grieved and disgusted. Avail yourself, then, of your skill in the art of Speaking, but always employ your powers of elocution with caution and modesty; remembering, that though it be desirable to be admired as an eminent Orator, it is of much more importance to be respected as an able Lawyer, a useful Preacher, or a wise and upright Statesman.

* See Dean Swift's advice on this head, in his Letter to a young Clergyman.

ESSAY II.

ON READING WORKS OF TASTE.

Multa magis quam multorum lectione formanda mens, et ducendus est color.
QUINTIL.

READING can be considered as a mere amusement only by the most vulgar, or the most frivolous part of mankind. Every one, whom natural good sense and a liberal education have qualified to form a judgment upon the subject, will acknowledge, that it is capable of being applied to an endless variety of useful purposes. This is, indeed, sufficiently evident, without any studied proof, from the nature of the thing. For, what is reading, but a method of conferring with men who in every age have been most distinguished by their genius and learning, of becoming acquainted with the result of their mature reflections, and of contemplating at leisure the finished productions of their inventive powers? From such an intercourse, conducted with a moderate share of caution and judgment, it must be impossible not to derive innumerable advantages.

The principal uses of reading may perhaps not improperly be referred to two objects, the improvement of the understanding, and the exercise of imagination: whence books may be distinguished by two leading characters, Instructive and Interesting; and will be divided into two classes, Works of Knowledge and Works of Taste.

Between the two kinds of reading which books thus classed afford, there is one characteristic difference. In works which are merely intended to communicate knowledge, writing is made use of only as a vehicle of instruction; and therefore nothing farther is necessary, or perhaps desirable, than that they should express the facts, or truths, which

they are intended to teach, with perfect perspicuity of conception, arrangement, and diction. But in works of taste, the writing itself becomes a principal object of attention, as a representation of nature, more or less accurate, according to the powers which the writer possesses of expressing in language the conceptions of his own imagination. This representation cannot, indeed, be called an imitation of nature, in the same strict and literal sense in which the term is applied to a picture, because words are not natural copies, but arbitrary signs of things; but it produces an effect upon the imagination and feelings of the reader, similar to that which is produced by the art of painting. It was doubtless for this reason that Aristotle defined poetry an imitative art.

These circumstances render THE READING OF WORKS OF TASTE a subject of disquisition, or of precept, not less extensive than that of writings intended for the communication of knowledge; and on account of its influence upon the state of the mind, it may perhaps be justly asserted to be not less important. It is the design of this Essay, briefly to represent the BENEFITS which are to be expected from this kind of reading; and to suggest certain RULES for conducting it in the most advantageous manner.

The agreeable EMPLOYMENT, which reading works of taste affords the active faculties of the mind, is its first and most obvious effect.

The productions of genius, whether written in narrative, descriptive, or dramatic form, agree in the general character of presenting before the mind of the reader certain objects, which awaken his attention, exercise his fancy, and interest his feelings. Those scenes in nature, that, from causes which it is the business of philosophy to explore, are adapted to excite in the spectator agreeable perceptions and emotions, may, by the aid of language, be exhibited in colours less vivid indeed than those of nature, but sufficiently bright to make a strong impression upon the imagination. A similar effect will be produced by the representation of human characters and actions; but with a superior degree of force, on account of the superiority of animated to inanimate nature, and on account of the peculiar interest which men naturally take in whatever concerns their own species. These are rich and spacious fields, from which genius may collect materials for its various productions, without hazard of exhausting their

treasures. The ancients, numerous as their works of fancy are, were capable of enriching them with an endless variety of imagery, sentiment, and language. That strict adherence to nature which good sense and correct taste obliged them to observe, produced indeed such a general resemblance as must always be found among disciples of the same school: and sometimes we find them copying with too much servility the works of other artists. But there were few among them who were not able to collect, from the common magazine of nature, stores before unnoticed; and to adorn their works, not only with new decorations of language, but with original conceptions. And, notwithstanding the complaint of indolence and dulness, that the topics of description, and even of fiction, are exhausted; Genius still sometimes asserts her claims, and proves that the variety of her productions, like that of the operations of Nature, is without limit.

Hence they who are conversant with works of genius and taste find a variety in their sources of entertainment, in some measure proportioned to the extent of their acquaintance with languages. The industrious scholar who has, with many a weary step, so far won his way through the rugged path of grammatical studies as to have acquired a competent knowledge of the ancient Greek and Roman languages, is arrived at a fertile and well-cultivated plain, every where adorned with the fairest flowers, and enriched with the choicest fruits.

The writings of the ancients abound with excellent productions in every interesting kind of composition. There is no pleasing affection of the mind, which may not, in these invaluable remains of antiquity, find ample scope for gratification. The Epic Muse, whether she appears in the majestic simplicity of Homer, or in the finished elegance of Virgil, presents before the delighted imagination an endless variety of grand and beautiful objects, interesting actions, and characters strongly marked, which it is impossible to contemplate without a perpetual succession of agreeable emotions. Tragedy, whether she rages with Æschylus, or weeps with Sophocles, or moralizes with Euripides, never ceases to wear a dignified and interesting aspect. Comedy, in the natural and easy dress in which, after the best Greek models, she is clothed

by Terence, can never fail to please. Lyric poetry, while it rolls on, like an impetuous torrent, in the lofty strains and the wild and varied numbers of Pindar, or flows in a placid and transparent stream along the channel of Horatian verse, or glides briskly through the bowers of love and joy in the sportive lays of Anacreon, by turns astonishes, soothes, and delights. Elegy, through the soft and plaintive notes of Bion or Tibullus, melts the soul in pleasing sympathy; while Pastoral Song, in the artless notes of Theocritus, or in the sweet melody of the Mantuan pipe, plays gently about the fancy and the heart. Satire, in the mean time, provides entertainment for those who are disposed to laugh at folly, or indulge an honest indignation against vice, in the smile of Horace, the grin of Lucian, and the frown of Juvenal. So rich and various are the treasures with which the Greek and Roman writers furnish those who have enjoyed the advantage of a classical education.

But, without having recourse to the ancients, it is possible to find in modern languages valuable specimens of every species of polite literature. The English language, in particular, abounds with writings addressed to the imagination and feelings, and calculated for the improvement of taste. No one, who is not so far blinded by prejudice in favour of antiquity as to be incapable of relishing anything modern, can doubt, that excellent examples of every kind of literary merit are to be found among the British writers. The inventive powers of Shakspeare, the sublime conceptions of Milton, the versatile genius of Dryden, the wit of Butler, the easy gaiety of Prior, the strength and harmony of Pope, the descriptive powers of Thomson, the delicate humour of Addison, the pathetic simplicity of Sterne, and the finished correctness of Gray, might, with some degree of confidence, be respectively brought into comparison with any examples of similar excellence among the ancients.

For minds capable of the pleasures of imagination and sentiment, such writings as these provide a kind of entertainment which is in its nature elegant and refined, and which admits of endless diversity. By exhibiting images industriously collected and judiciously disposed, they produce impressions upon the reader's fancy, scarcely less

vivid than those which would result from the actual contemplation of natural objects. By combining incidents and characters of various kinds, and representing them as associated in new and interesting relations, they keep curiosity perpetually awake, and touch in succession every affection and passion of the heart. Whatever is grand or beautiful in nature; whatever is noble, lovely, or singular, in character; whatever is surprising or affecting in situation; is by the magic power of genius brought at pleasure into view, in the manner best adapted to excite correspondent emotions. A rich field of elegant pleasure is hereby laid open before the reader who is possessed of a true taste for polite literature, which distinguishes him from the vulgar at least as much as the man who enjoys an affluent fortune is distinguished by the luxuries of his table.

Beside the immediate gratification, which this kind of reading affords, it is attended with several COLLATERAL ADVANTAGES, which are perhaps of equal value. The exercise, which it gives to the imagination and feelings, improves the vigour and sensibility of the mind. It is the natural tendency of an intimate acquaintance with images of grandeur, beauty, and excellence, as they are exhibited in works of taste, to produce a general habit of dignity and elegance, which will seldom fail to tincture a man's general character, and diffuse a graceful air over his whole conversation and manners. It is not unreasonable even to expect, that they who are habitually conversant with beautiful forms in nature and art, and are frequently employed in contemplating excellent characters in the pages of history and fiction, will learn to admire whatever is noble or becoming in conduct.

——— The attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: but temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien. AKENSIDE.

To all this must be added, as a material consideration in favour of the study of polite literature, that it affords

an agreeable and useful exercise of the judgment, in determining the degree of merit in literary productions; an exercise which tends to improve the taste, and to form a habit of correct and elegant expression, both in conversation and writing.

It is on these accounts, that the study of polite literature in general, and of the ancient classical writers in particular, is made a principal branch of liberal education: and for these reasons, some attention may be due to the observations and precepts, relative to the reading of works of taste, which are to fill up the remainder of this Essay.

The effect which is produced by writing is similar to that which is produced by painting, in this respect, among others: as in painting the spectator first enjoys the immediate pleasure of the emotion excited by the representation, and then the secondary gratification of exercising his judgment upon the merit of the painter; so in poetry, and other literary works of taste, the reader first indulges his feelings in contemplating the objects which, by means of a due choice and arrangement of words, are presented before his imagination; and then proceeds to a critical examination of the degree of invention, judgment, and taste, which the production discovers. The former is the sole object of attention in the vulgar spectator, or uneducated reader: the latter is the chief occupation of those who, without natural delicacy of feeling, or vigour of fancy, coolly apply to works of genius the technical rules of art. To form the character of the real man of taste and the true critic, both must be united.

In order to enjoy in perfection the pleasure arising from these employments of the mind upon literary works of taste, beside the foundation of good sense and lively sensibility, which must be laid by nature, several preparatory acquisitions are requisite.

The first is an accurate acquaintance with the LANGUAGE, in which the works we read are written. It is very evident, that it is impossible to feel the effect, or judge of the merit, of any literary composition, without knowing the meaning of the terms which the writer uses, and the structure and idiom of the language in which he writes. Hence arises the necessity of a correct and grammatical knowledge of Greek and Latin in order to enable any one to relish the

beauties of the ancients. And hence it becomes reasonable to suspect some deficiency in classical learning where these established models of fine writing are made the subject of indiscriminate censure. If verbal criticism be thought in itself a trifling employment, yet, as an instrument for discovering the true meaning, in order to perceive the excellences or defects, and thus ascertain the merit of a writer, it must be acknowledged to be a useful art. A man of accurate taste in works of literature must be a good grammarian.

Beside this, it is necessary to be so well acquainted with the SOURCES from which writers borrow their images and illustrations, as to be capable of feeling the effect, and judging of the propriety, of the application. Many poems of the first merit appear obscure, only because the reader is not sufficiently acquainted with the ancient fables, historical facts, or natural objects, to which the poet refers. The mythology of the Greeks, however difficult it may be to explain it philosophically, must at least be known as a subject of narration and description, before the poetical writings of the ancients can be understood. And even modern poets, who frequently introduce these fables into their works—with little effect indeed, for, as Dr. Johnson says, "The attention naturally retires from a new tale of Venus, Diana, and Minerva"—require in their readers some portion of mythological knowledge. Since genius ransacks every region of nature, science, and art, for materials upon which she may exercise her powers, a general acquaintance with things, as well as words, is necessary, in order to form a true estimate of the merit of her productions. The beauties of poetry cannot be completely relished, without a habit of attending to those forms of nature from which the poet borrows his conceptions, and observing with accuracy the distinct features, and peculiar characters, of objects in the vegetable and animal world.*

A general habit of CLOSE ATTENTION is another most important requisite, as in all other pursuits, so particularly in the exercise of the imagination, or judgment, upon

* See this subject illustrated by many pertinent examples and judicious observations, in Dr. Aikin's Essay on the application of Natural History to Poetry.

works of taste. The difference between a languid and a vigorous exertion of the faculties forms the chief point of distinction between genius and dulness. No man who was not capable of forming clear and vivid conceptions ever wrote well; nor can any one, without that degree of exertion which preserves the mind awake to every impression, and strongly fixes its attention upon every object which comes under its notice, be in a proper state for enjoying the pleasures of taste, or for exercising the functions of criticism. He who has acquired this important habit of attention has learned to see and feel. The general picture presented before his fancy by the artist will strike him with its full force; nor will any single touch, however minute, escape his observation. The consequence must be, a perfect experience of the effect which it was intended to produce, and an accurate discernment of all its beauties and blemishes. This remark is equally valid, whether the instrument which genius employs be the pencil or the pen.

Thus furnished with learning, knowledge, and attention, nothing farther can be necessary to put the reader of works of taste into immediate possession of the pleasures of imagination and sentiment, but a careful selection, and diligent perusal, of the most excellent productions. It is of great consequence to young persons, at least at their entrance upon the study of polite literature, before their taste is completely formed, that they confine themselves to writers of the first merit in each branch of composition. If, in making this choice, the advice of a judicious friend be wanting, they may safely rely upon the voice of common fame: for on questions of taste and feeling the general result of public opinion is seldom wrong.

The second object of attention in reading works of taste, that of forming a judgment concerning their merit, requires, beside the general preparation already suggested, a distinct examination of their several excellences and defects. In order to execute the office of criticism with tolerable success, the general principles of good writing must be well understood, and every piece which is to be examined must be brought to the standard of these principles. Whatever ridicule some witty writers may have cast upon this kind of admeasurement; however delight-

ful it may be thought, to "give up the reins of one's imagination into an author's hands, and be pleased one knows not why, and cares not wherefore;" there are unquestionably in nature certain characters by which works of true genius and taste may be distinguished from inferior productions. To be able, in all cases, to determine with precision how far a literary piece excels, or is deficient, in these characters, is a high attainment, which entitles the possessor to no inconsiderable share of distinction, and will furnish him with an endless variety of pleasing employment. It is impossible, in a short Essay, to enter into a particular discussion of the nature and foundation of those qualities which constitute the merit of fine writing in general, or to delineate the peculiar features by which excellence is marked in the several species of composition; it may, however, be of some use to enumerate several of the leading objects of attention in criticism.

Criticism examines the merit of literary productions under the three general heads of Thought, Arrangement, and Expression.

The ESSENTIAL characters of good writing, respecting the THOUGHTS, ideas, or sentiments, are, that they be consonant to nature, clearly conceived, agreeably diversified, regularly connected, and adapted to some good end.

CONFORMITY TO NATURE is a quality, without which no writing, whatever other excellence it may possess, can obtain approbation in the court of good sense—the court, to which the ultimate appeal must lie in all disputes concerning literary merit.* A writer may be allowed to rise above the usual appearances of nature by combining things which are not commonly associated; but he must admit nothing which contradicts common sense and experience, or of which a real archetype cannot even be supposed to exist. The boldest flights of poetic fiction must not pass the boundaries of nature and probability. It is upon this principle, that Dr. Johnson defines poetry "the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason."

PERFECT and DISTINCT CONCEPTION—a second character of thought in good writing—is the basis of perspicuity. A writer whose feeble mind produces only half-formed em-

* Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.—*Hor.*

brios of thought, or whose impetuosity will not permit him to separate his ideas from one another before he clothes them in language, must be obscure. The image reflected from the mirror cannot be more perfect than the original object. He who does not himself clearly understand his own meaning can have no right to expect that his reader will understand it. Those writers are most liable to this fault whose ambition or vanity outruns their genius. Affecting a degree of novelty and originality, which they are not able to attain, they sink into the *profound*, and become unintelligible.

To justness and clearness must be added VARIETY of conception. It is this quality chiefly which raises a writer of true genius above one of mean or moderate abilities. The field of nature lies equally open to all men; but it is only the man whose powers are vigorous and commanding, who can combine them with that diversity which is necessary to produce a strong impression upon the imagination. To discern, not only the obvious properties of things, but their more hidden qualities and relations; to perceive resemblances which are not commonly perceived; to combine images or sentiments, which are not commonly combined; to exhibit, in description, persons and things with all the interesting varieties of form or action of which they are capable; are the offices of genius: and it is only in the degree in which these marks of genius appear in any literary production, that it can be pronounced excellent.

Perfectly consistent with that variety which characterizes genius, is another essential quality of thought in good writing, UNITY OF DESIGN. In every piece the writer should have one leading design; every part should have some relation to the rest; and all should unite to produce one regular whole.

Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum.

A thought may be just; a description may be beautiful; a sentiment may be pathetic; and yet, not naturally arising from the subject, it may be nothing better than a censurable excrescence.

Sed nunc non erat his locus.

Whatever has no tendency to illustrate the subject interrupts the reader's attention, and weakens the general effect.

This rule must not, however, he understood to preclude, especially in long works, such incidental excursions, as, having some relation to the main subject, afford the reader an agreeable relief, without destroying the unity of the piece. Episodes of this kind may be compared to the ivy twining about the oak; which, without concealing the form, or lessening the grandeur of the main object, gratifies the eye with a sense of variety.

To complete the merit of any literary work, as far as thought is concerned, it is necessary to add to every other excellence that of UTILITY. In writing, as in life, this ultimate end should never be forgotten. Whatever tends to enlighten the understanding, to enlarge the conceptions, to impress the heart with right feelings, or to afford innocent and rational amusement, may be pronounced useful. All beyond this is either trifling or pernicious. No strength of genius, or vivacity of wit, can dignify folly, or excuse immorality.

Beside these essential properties of the Thoughts, which are common to all good writing, there are others which occur only in certain connections, according to the nature of the subject or the genius and inclination of the writer, and which may therefore be called INCIDENTAL. From these, which are very numerous, we shall select, as a specimen, Sublimity, Beauty and Novelty.

Those conceptions, expressed in writing, which are adapted to excite in the mind of the reader that kind of emotion which arises from the contemplation of grand and noble objects in nature, are said to be SUBLIME. The emotion of sublimity is doubtless first produced by means of the powers of vision. Whatever is lofty, vast, or profound, while it fills the eye, expands the imagination, and dilates the heart, and thus becomes a source of pleasure.

> Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
> Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
> Nilus, or Ganges, rolling his bright wave
> Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
> And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
> To mark the windings of a scanty rill
> That murmurs at his feet?

From the similarity between the emotions excited by greatness in objects of sight and by certain other objects which affect the rest of the senses, and from the analogy

which these bear to several other feelings excited by different causes, the term Sublimity is applied to various other subjects, as dignity of rank, extent of power, and eminence of merit. Hence those writers, who most successfully exhibit objects or characters of this kind before the imagination of their readers, are said to be sublime.

In like manner, because certain objects of sight are distinguished by characters of beauty, and are adapted to excite emotions of complacence, those writers who represent their fair forms, whether natural or moral, with the most lively colouring, are said to excel in the BEAUTIFUL.

Moreover, since there is in human nature a principle of curiosity which leads us to contemplate unusual objects with the pleasing emotion which is called wonder, NOVELTY becomes another source of pleasure in works of taste, which affords ample scope for the display of genius to those who are indued by nature with an imagination which can "body forth the forms of things unknown;" whence their pen

> Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

In reading works of taste, it is the business of criticism to remark in what manner any of these properties of thought, or others of the incidental kind, such as Pathos, Resemblance, Contrast, Congruity, and the like, are exemplified, or violated.

After the Thoughts themselves, the next object of criticism is the METHOD in which they are disposed.

Nothing is more inconsistent with good sense and true taste than the contempt with which some affect to treat that methodical arrangement which Horace so happily styles *lucidus ordo*. Every kind of writing is certainly illuminated by an accurate disposition of its several parts. Method is so far from being an absolute proof of stupidity, that it is no very questionable indication of strength of mind, and compass of thought. The first conceptions which accidental association may raise in the mind are not likely to come forth spontaneously in that order which is most natural, and best suited to form a regular piece. It is only by the exercise of much attention and accurate judgment that a writer can give his work the beauty of regularity amid variety; and, without this, the detached parts, however excel-

lent, are but the members of a disjointed statue.* The reader, therefore, who wishes to form an accurate judgment concerning the merit of any literary production will inquire, whether the author's general arrangement be such as best suits his design; whether there be no confusion in the disposition of particular parts; no redundancies or unnecessary repetitions; in fine, whether every sentiment be not only just, but pertinent, and in its proper place.

The last, but not the least extensive field of criticism is EXPRESSION.

Here the first quality to be considered is PURITY. This consists in such a choice of words, and such a grammatical construction of sentences, as is consonant to the analogy of the language and to the general usage of accurate writers. Purity in the choice of words requires that, except in works of science, where new terms are wanted, no words be admitted but such as are established by good authority; that words be used in the sense which is commonly annexed to them; and that all heterogeneous mixtures of foreign or antiquated words be avoided. In the present state of modern languages, particularly the English, stability and uniformity are of more consequence than enlargement. It is not in the power of fashion to justify the affectation of introducing foreign words and phrases, to express even that which cannot be so concisely expressed in the vernacular tongue. With respect to grammatical purity, its importance, as a source of perspicuity and elegance, is universally acknowledged: but it is too commonly taken for granted that a competent acquaintance with grammar, especially with the grammatical structure of the English language, which is remarkable for its simplicity, may be easily acquired. Hence so little attention is paid to grammatical accuracy by some writers, in other respects of distinguished merit, that it would not be difficult to select from their works examples of the most flagrant violations of syntax. These are faults not to be protected by authority; and it is one of the most useful offices of criticism to detect and expose them.

A second kind of excellence in expression is PERSPICUITY. The chief sources of this essential property of

* Neque enim, quamquam fusis omnibus membris, statua sit, nisi collocetur.—*Quintil.*

good writing are, beside clearness of conception, already considered, Precision in the use of Terms, and Accuracy in the structure of Sentences.

VERBAL PRECISION requires that a writer express his exact meaning without tautology, ambiguity, or redundance; that he be careful not to load his sentences with words which are synonymous, or nearly so; that he make use of no terms, or phrases, but such as convey a determinate meaning; and that he avoid the introduction of uncommon words where words in ordinary use would answer his purpose as well. Perspicuity is equally injured by an excessive multiplicity of words, and by a parade of pompous and stately language.

Grammatical arrangement is favourable to perspicuity, when it marks distinctly the relation of the several parts of a sentence, and consequently of the ideas which they represent; and when it avoids such deviations from the natural or customary order of words, as might mislead or perplex the reader. It may also contribute, in some measure, toward perspicuity, to preserve, during the course of a sentence, unity of persons and scene; avoiding, as much as possible, all abrupt transitions from one person or subject to another. But there seems to be no sufficient ground for a rule, which has of late gained some authority, that a writer, for the sake of distinctness, should confine himself to the expression of a single thought in each sentence. It would be easy to show by example, that this fashionable method of reducing sentences to one standard, whatever it may add to the neatness and elegance of style, will at least equally diminish its richness and variety: and—which is still more important—that it must often materially impair the sense, by interrupting the relation and dependence of the thoughts. A writer who thinks closely, and in a train, will frequently have occasion to express combinations of ideas, which will require sentences of considerable length. The best writers of the last period, such as Swift, Addison, and Middleton, who disdained to confine their conceptions within the narrow enclosure of such arbitrary rules, took all the scope, in the structure of their periods, which the extent and concatenation of their thoughts required; and thus produced many successful imitations of the best models of antiquity, in that kind of writing which

is copious without verbosity, and complex without intricacy.

Whatever mode of construction a writer's subject, or genius, may lead him to adopt, he should, however, be careful that it be employed in a manner perfectly consistent with perspicuity. If, for the sake of strength and energy, he be disposed to lean toward conciseness, let him cautiously avoid that elliptical diction which leaves the reader too much to supply. If, through the fertility of his invention, his language naturally becomes diffuse, let him guard against that kind of obscurity which is the effect of involving the sense in a cloud of words. At all events, a writer should studiously avoid every mode of expression which is unfavourable to perspicuity; for what can be a greater fault than that language, which is only useful so far as it is perspicuous, should need an interpreter?* Perspicuity requires not only that what is written may be understood, but that it cannot possibly be misunderstood.† Every violation of this law of good writing it is the business of criticism carefully to remark.

Melody is another excellence in expression, of too much consequence to be overlooked. In every kind of writing, according to the degree of skill with which soft and rugged, long and short, accented and unaccented sounds, whether simple or complex, are combined, the ear receives an agreeable impression, in some degree similar to that which is produced by a melodious succession of musical notes. This effect is heightened when the divisions of distinct clauses, and the cadences at the close of entire sentences, are agreeably diversified. Melody is so intimately combined with the other graces of expression, and has so large a share in the pleasures produced by fine writing, that it deserves more attention, both among writers and critics, than the moderns have been inclined to allow it.

Elegance, which is commonly considered as another property of expression, as far as it is distinct from the general result of the properties already enumerated, arises chiefly from a careful exclusion of those terms and phrases which general opinion and taste have pronounced vulgar; and

* Oratio vero, cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete! — *Quintil.*

† Non ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere.—*Ib.*

from such a regulated variety in the structure of sentences and periods, as prevents every appearance of negligence. Such words or phrases as are excluded from the conversation or writing of people of good breeding and polite education, and such slovenly modes of expression as would imply a want of respect for the reader, can have no place in elegant works of taste. That kind of elegance which arises from metaphors and other figures, though commonly considered as belonging to language, is, in fact, not so much the result of the writer's manner of expression as of his turn of thinking.

The same remark may be applied to several other properties of good writing, such as Simplicity, Vivacity, Strength, Dignity. These and other terms, made use of to express the excellences of Style, are, in reality, characters of good writing which depend upon the thought as well as the diction. When, on the contrary, it is said, that a writer's style is vulgar, feeble, obscure, dry, or florid, the faults, which these epithets are intended to express, arise from certain defects in the writer's powers or habits of thinking, which have an unfavourable influence upon his language. An author's style is the manner in which he writes, as a painter's style is the manner in which he paints; in both conception and expression are equally concerned. No one is able to write in a good style who has not learned to think well, to arrange his thoughts methodically, and to express them with propriety.

These and other properties of Thought, Disposition, and Language, in writing—concerning which, as well as upon the pecular characters of the several kinds of literary composition, many writers have treated at large*—while they afford ample scope for the display of Genius, also furnish an extensive field for the exercise of Criticism.

The clear result of the preceding remarks is, that young persons should be early introduced to an acquaintance with Polite Literature, in order to exercise their imagination, and form their taste. Selections from the best writers may at first be of use, in directing their attention to such passages as are most likely to make a strong impression upon

* See Lord Kames's Elements of Criticism; Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric; Blair's Lectures on the Belles Lettres; and Critical Essays in the Spectator, Rambler, &c.

the fancy, and best worth being committed to memory; but it should be recollected that such selections are intended to excite, not to satisfy, juvenile curiosity. Great care should be taken to introduce young people, before the first impression is vanished, to an intimate acquaintance with the Original Authors, and to give them a relish for the regular perusal and study of their works.*

The value of a taste for this kind of reading is much greater than is commonly perceived. In solitude, the elegant entertainment which it affords is an effectual security against the intrusion of idleness and spleen. In society, it provides innumerable topics of conversation, which afford ample scope for the display of judgment and taste, and which might, without much diminution of social enjoyment, supply the place of certain fashionable amusements. By furnishing the mind with elevated conceptions, and refined sentiments, it renders it superior to gross and vulgar pleasures. In fine, while science enriches the understanding, the study of polite literature cultivates the taste, and improves the heart; and both unite to form the Accomplished and Happy Man.

* To supply advice in private study, and a choice of books according to every taste and capacity, giving a simple outline for the young to be gradually filled up by the reading of after years, Pycroft's 'Course of English Reading' is recommended by the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' as "the best of all school prizes."

BOOK I.

SELECT SENTENCES.

CHAPTER I.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is a heroic innocence, as well as a heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits, which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterward.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments envy, by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution: the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

CHAPTER II.

Without a friend the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By the faults of others, wise men correct their own.

No man has a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

CHAPTER III.

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy: but in passing it over, he is superior.

To err is human: to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he never can be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and his neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

An angry man who suppresses his passions thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles: great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn; they shoot up and raise their heads high while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praise: such is the force of ill will and ill nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age: but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, "The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings." Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, "Were I Alexander, I would accept them." "So would I," replied Alexander, "were I Parmenio."

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a very valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure, which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a Paradise.

CHAPTER V.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years: but wisdom is the gray hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and, being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things: for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in everything. He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall is held up of his friends: but a poor man being down is thrust away by his friends; when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipped, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speak, they say, what fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in its bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo! is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be that he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart: and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother; how canst thou recompense them the things they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be in peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

CHAPTER VI.

THE latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes: for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing; for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers: the cloak of honour covers all their faults; as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace: it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions us to talk the less.

To endeavour all our days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that we have nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of a finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, " I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

CHAPTER VII.

DEFERENCE is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning loses the chief pleasure of the day; he that gives up his youth to indolence undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers, at the same time, a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect, that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in

the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens, that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of the critic is often like a microscope; made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they show for a football: whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean but a necessary substitute for it in societies who have none: it is a sort of a paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth: there are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which whatever they determine they will repent of the determination: and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage, that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner; in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine who follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

How far the little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

——— Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than in use: keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never task'd for speech.

The cloudcapp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Roughhew them how we will.

The Poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just:
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

CHAPTER IX.

Oh, World! thy slippery turns: Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together; who twine, as 'twere, in love
Inseparable; shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

——— So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
While it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

——— Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December's snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

——— 'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

BOOK II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

CHAPTER I.

THE DERVISE.

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the Eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place. The dervise told them that he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and, smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary. Sir, says the dervise, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The king replied, his ancestors. And who, says the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, his father. And who is it, says the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him, that it was he himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, the young prince his son. Ah, Sir!

said the dervise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary. SPECTATOR.

CHAPTER II.

A TURKISH TALE.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The visier to this great sultan (whether a humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. I would fain know, says the sultan, what those two owls are saying to one another—listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it. The visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, Sir, says he, I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is. The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat, word for word, every thing the owls had said. You must know, then, said the visier, that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; while he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages.

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people. SPECTATOR.

CHAPTER III.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second, Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy counsellor, who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves of the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed, the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors was to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked

upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles, on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them.' To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty. SPECTATOR.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THERE were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter, consider-

ing that this species, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them; having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him: for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man, Pleasure might lay claim to a hundredth part; and that in the most virtuous man, Pain might come in for at least two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But, notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that, notwithstanding they have possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice,

and the Furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods. SPECTATOR.

CHAPTER V.

LABOUR.

LABOUR, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along with Health on the right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour; she suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in childbirth of Disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery. WORLD.



CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

AN old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow, says a man upon the road, to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light! The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. Why, sirrah! cries a second man to the boy, is it fit for you to be riding while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. Do you see, says a third, how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking! The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. Pray, honest friend, says a fourth, is that ass your own? Yes, says the man. One would not have thought so, replied the other, by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast, than he you. Any thing to please, says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

WORLD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he

ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching toward him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment: her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast toward the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

My dear Hercules, says she, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, says she, I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions, upon which I can propose happiness. The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: You see, said she, Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose! To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired: to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; or saw the most beautiful object which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate of all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of

hearing themselves praised by those who are in years, and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice. TATLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

PITY.

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them, so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; Vice and Ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atè. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents, but the sullen and *unamiable* features of her mother were so mixed and blended

with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A redbreast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briers, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has filled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child

it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentations for his; but he did it with more touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looking wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the postchaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when the ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the smallpox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago, in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which

had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that neither had scarce eaten or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise—I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—'twould be something. STERNE.

CHAPTER X.

THE SWORD.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes, which gradually brought the house of d'E**** in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still show to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretion had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity—But he had two boys, who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see reblossom—But in Britany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law

of the duchy which, though seldom claimed, he said was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—Here—said he—take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house—and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune, which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of his solemn requisition; I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family; he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up. He looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to get it off."

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings! STERNE.

CHAPTER XI.

MARIA.

First Part.

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore glass to hear them more distinctly —'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening— Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line between us,) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon a pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four and twenty sous piece when I got to Moulines.

—And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion;—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her bans forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again —they were the same notes—yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man —but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her

hair, all but two tresses, drawn up in a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her—

God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her—but without effect: we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender, and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting between her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately—

——Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps, walked softly to my chaise.

Second Part.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines

—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered the words, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—

that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play the evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines—Let us go, said I, together. Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine:—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look for in woman, that could the *traces* be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's

ıt of mine, she should not only eat of my bread, and :ink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, ıd be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine hich the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his ay, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice :uised thee can only bind them up for ever. STERNE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;
" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
" A stranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
" A lizard's body lean and long,
" A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
" Its tooth, with triple claw disjoin'd,
" And what a length of tail behind!
" How slow its pace! and then its hue!
" Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there!" the other quick replies,
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue;
"At leisure I the beast survey'd,
"Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green! 'tis green! Sir, I assure ye"—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find 'em but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother—
"The creature's neither one nor t'other.
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd it o'er by candlelight:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it."—"Pray, Sir, do;
"I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that, when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; then full before their sight,
Produc'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white.
Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous wise—
"My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
"*You* all are right, and all are wrong:

"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others see as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eyesight to his own."

MERRICK.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precepts and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood nymphs started at the sight;
The muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their utmost shades retire.
Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car:
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes
And shouts pursue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The selfsame track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd.
The youth with emulation glow'd;

Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy;
For he, deep judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field.
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
" Alas! unhappy youth," he cried,
" Expect no praise from me," and sigh'd:
" With indignation I survey
" Such skill and judgment thrown away;
" The time, profusely squander'd there
" On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
" If well employ'd, at less expense,
" Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
" And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
" To govern men, and guide the state."

Whitehead.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR BALAAM.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name:
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his weekday meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church, and 'change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."
The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
Till all the Demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn;
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There, (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight,
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The wellbred cuckolds in St. James's air.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies. POPE.

CHAPTER XV.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmers of the plains;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains
A soul that knew no art;
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at last
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of diff'ring passions strove;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past," he cried, "but if your souls
"Sweet mercy yet can move,
"Let these dim eyes once more behold
"What they must ever love."

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
  And bath'd with many a tear,
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
  So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
  (A cruel sister she!)
Forbade what Emma came to say,
  My Edwin, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
  The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
  Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
  Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
  His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
  The visionary vale,
When lo! the deathbell smote her ear,
  Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling steps
  Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see
  "That angel face no more!

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
  "Beat high against my side!"
From her white arm down sunk her head,
  She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died. Mallet.

CHAPTER XVI.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'TIS list'ning fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze:
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsive heav'n and earth.
  Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
  They lov'd; but such their guiltless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish;
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.
  So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs; and stealing oft a look
Tow'rds the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heav'n, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th'unequal conflict, and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence
"And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
"That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
"'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
"To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fixed in all the death of wo?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent and for ever sad. THOMSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUNIO AND THEANA.

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
His father sent him from these genial isles,
To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys

Green Eton, soft abode of every muse.
Each classic beauty he soon made his own;
And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the nine
On her inspiring banks. Love tun'd his song;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acasto's daughter, whom in early youth
He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.
The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.
Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms still triumph o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt
At this discov'ry; he declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
  And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch
For this delighted pair! Ah, Junio knew
His sire detested his Theana's house!—
Thus duty, rev'rence, gratitude conspir'd
To check their happy union. He resolv'd
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
To pass the time, till death his sire remov'd,
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.
  Though learned, curious, and though noble, bent
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to serve; no joys he found.
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the seat of ev'ry muse,
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime
His steps explor'd, where panting music's strains,
Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child,)

With rival beauties his attention claim'd,
To his just judging, his instructed eye,
The all perfect Medicean Venus seem'd
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair.
But when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian song.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted filial, yet to Heav'n resign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,
Eager to clasp the object of his love.
Blow, prosp'rous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biscay's stormy seas, an armed ship,
Of force superior, from loud Charante's wave,
Clapp'd them on board. The frighted flying crew
The colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,
That soon in air the hapless Thunder blew.
Blow, prosp'rous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:
May no more dang'rous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky.
Glad Eurus whistles, laugh the sportive crew,
Each sail is set to catch the fav'ring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
Strikes the boneta, or the shark ensnares;
The little nautilus, with purple pride
Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves:
Small wing'd fishes on the shrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play around.
Though faster than the tropic bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, "Ah! when shall we see land?"
Soon land they made; and now in thought he clasp'd
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no less anxious, ev'ry evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.

One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)
The winged demons of the tempest rose!
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful pow'r.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave, the ethereal bolt,
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Hád innocently roll'd.
Meanwhile impatient Junio leap'd ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him; at his sight the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He enter'd hasty——
Ah! what a sight for one who loved so well!
All pale and cold, in ev'ry feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint fault'ring voice
She thus address'd the youth whom yet she knew:
" Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
" Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:
" Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me;
" By night, by day, you still engag'd my care;
" And, next to God, you now my thoughts employ.
" Accept of this—My little all I give;
" Would it were larger."—Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.
But say, what strains, what language can express
The thousand pangs, which tore the lover's breast.
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak:
Nor words he found: he clasp'd her in his arms;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the Cane-isles tell their matchless love!

GRAINGER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard,
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers,
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heav'n-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name. Home.

CHAPTER XIX.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.——————
Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slav'ry; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch Heav'n,
It was my bent to speak.—All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a pray'r of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it——yet she wish'd
That Heav'n had made her such a man:—she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XX.

ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursu'd,
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.
Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

—Near and more near th' intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins
Dyes her white veil, her iv'ry bosom stains.—
—"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
"Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!
"Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
"The angel, pity, shuns the walks of war!—
"Oh spare, ye war hounds, spare their tender age!—
"On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,
And sighing hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murm'ring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza, welt'ring in her blood!—
—Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:—
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;
"Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press'd,
"And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast!
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
"Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake."
—"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd;
Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:

"O, Heav'ns!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
"These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

DARWIN

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MORALISER CORRECTED.

A Tale.

A HERMIT, or, if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old,
A man once young, who liv'd retir'd
As hermit could have well desir'd,
His hours of study clos'd at last,
And finish'd his concise repast,
Stoppled his cruse, replac'd his book
Within its customary nook,
And, staff in hand, set forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air,
Like Isaac, with a mind applied
To serious thought at ev'ningtide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fring'd his hill,
Shades slanting at the close of day
Chill'd more his else delightful way.
Distant a little mile he spied
A western bank's still sunny side,
And right toward the favour'd place
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,
In hope to bask a little yet,
Just reach'd it when the sun was set.
Your hermit, young and jovial Sirs,
Learns something from whate'er occurs—
And hence, he said, my mind computes
The real worth of man's pursuits.
His object chosen, wealth or fame,
Or other sublunary game,

Imagination to his view
Presents it deck'd with ev'ry hue,
That can seduce him not to spare
His pow'rs of best exertion there,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On so desirable an end.
Ere long approach life's ev'ning shades,
The glow that fancy gave it fades;
And earn'd too late, it wants the grace
That first engaged him in the chase.
True, answer'd an angelic guide,
Attendant at the senior's side—
But whether all the time it cost
To urge the fruitless chase be lost,
Must be decided by the worth
Of that which calls his ardour forth.
Trifles pursu'd, whate'er the event,
Must cause him shame, or discontent;
A vicious object still is worse,
Successful there, he wins a curse;
But he, whom ev'n in life's last stage
Endeavours laudable engage,
Is paid, at least in peace of mind,
And sense of having well design'd;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His sun precipitate descend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompense his mere intent.
No virtuous wish can bear a date
Either too early, or too late.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as bright as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in ev'ry breast;
Instinct is never quite suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open'd windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere,
To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till, gently seiz'd, I shut him fast,
A pris'ner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird,
A prison, with a friend, preferr'd
To liberty without.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A Fable.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,*
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse at least in fable;
And ev'n the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.
It chanced then, on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design,
To forestal sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love;
And with much twitter, and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, op'ning wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind:—
"My friends, be cautious how ye treat
"The subject upon which we meet;
"I fear we shall have winter yet."
A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:—
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite in the apple tree,

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

"By his good will, would keep us single
"Till yonder heav'n and earth shall mingle,
"Or, (which is likelier to befal,)
"Till death exterminate us all.
"I marry without more ado;
"My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, brideling,
Turning short round, strutting, and sideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well express'd,
Influenc'd mightily the rest,
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smil'd on theirs.
The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,
Now shifted east and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow;
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled:
Soon ev'ry father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other;
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met;
And learn'd in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

INSTRUCTION.

Misses, the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

Cowper.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A Tale.

THERE is a field through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserv'd to solace many a neighbouring squire
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow, scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.
  Nor yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
Nor autumn yet had brush'd from ev'ry spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
But corn was hous'd, and beans were in the stack,
Now, therefore, issu'd forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes,
For which, alas! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.
  The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heav'n's topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,

Or with the high-rais'd horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick* and all Dingledery* rang.
  Sheep graz'd the field; some with soft bosom press'd
The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest;
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detain'd in many a pretty nook.
All seem'd so peaceful, that from them convey'd
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.
  But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gaz'd,
Admiring terrified the novel strain,
Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round again;
But, recollecting with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urg'd advanc'd them nought,
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.
  The man to solitude accustom'd long
Perceives in ev'ry thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flow'rs rejoicing all;
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of ev'ry locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of ev'ry name,
That serve mankind or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears:
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.
  This truth premis'd was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.
Awhile they mus'd; surveying ev'ry face,
Thou hadst suppos'd them of superior race;

* *Two* woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;
Or academic tutors teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad address'd:
"Friends! we have liv'd too long. I never heard
"Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
"Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
"In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
"And from their prison-house below arise
"With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
"I could be much compos'd, nor should appear
"For such a cause to feel the slightest fear.
"Yourselves have seen, what time the thunder roll'd
"All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
"Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
"I should expound the melancholy tone;
"Should deem it by our old companion made,
"The ass; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,
"And being lost, perhaps, and wand'ring wide,
"Might be suppos'd to clamour for a guide.
"But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
"That owns a carcase, and not quake for fear?
"Demons produce them, doubtless; brazen-claw'd
"And fang'd with brass the demons are abroad;
"I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit,
"That, life to save, we leap into the pit."
Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.
"How! leap into the pit our life to save?
"To save our life leap all into the grave?
"For can we find it less? Contemplate first
"The depth how awful! falling there, we burst.
"Or should the brambles, interpos'd, our fall
"In part abate, that happiness were small;
"For with a race like theirs no chance I see
"Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
"Meantime, noise kills not. Be it dapple's bray,
"Or be it not, or be it whose it may,

" And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
" Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,
" Sounds are but sounds, and till the cause appear,
" We have at least commodious standing here;
" Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
" From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last."
While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tir'd man, and spatter'd horse,
Through mere good fortune took a diff'rent course.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Foll'wing that led me to my own abode,
Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day
(Live till to-morrow) will have pass'd away.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MODERN RAKE'S PROGRESS.

THE young Tobias was his father's joy;
He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praise,
He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,
And sent him early to a public school.
Here as it seem'd (but he had none to blame)
Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice
Grew in her stead. He laugh'd at honesty,
Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt
E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done
To tell him of another world, for wits
Knew better; and the only good on earth
Was pleasure; not to follow *that* was sin.
" Sure he that made us, made us to enjoy;
" And why," said he, " should my fond father prate
" *Of virtue and religion*? They afford

" No joys, and would abridge the scanty few
" Of nature. Nature be my deity,
" Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,
" At the full board of plenty." Thoughtless boy!
So to a libertine he grew, a wit,
A man of honour, boastful empty names
That dignify the villain. Seldom seen,
And when at home under a cautious mask
Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought
He grew in wisdom, as he grew in years.
He fondly deem'd he could perceive the growth
Of goodness and of learning shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,
Unusual progress in a summer's night.
He call'd him home, with great applause dismiss'd
By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—
Bless'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit
Pour'd in the youngster's palm. " Away," he cries,
" Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,
" Be wise, be frugal, for 'tis all I can."
" I will," said Toby, as he bang'd the door,
And wink'd, and snapp'd his finger, " Sir, I will."
So joyful he to Alma Mater went
A sturdy freshman. See him just arriv'd,
Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.
" Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more;
" Some claret, too. Here's to our friends at home.
" There let them dose. Be it our noble aim
" To live—where stands the bottle?" Then to town
Hies the gay spark for futile purposes,
And deeds my bashful muse disclaims to name;
From town to college, till a fresh supply
Sends him again from college up to town.
The tedious interval the mace and cue,
The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge
From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,
The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,
Ices and soups, and dice, the bet at whist,
Serve well enough to fill. Grievous accounts
The weekly post to the vex'd parent brings

Of college impositions, heavy dues,
Demands enormous, which the wicked son
Declares he does his utmost to prevent.
So, blaming with good cause the vast expense,
Bill after bill he sends, and pens the draught
Till the full inkhorn fails. With grateful heart
Toby receives, short leave of absence begs,
Obtains it by a lie, gallops away,
And no one knows what charming things are doing,
Till the gull'd boy returns without his pence,
And prates of deeds unworthy of a brute:
Vile deeds, but such as in these polish'd days
None blames or hides.
So Toby fares, nor heeds
Till terms are wasted, and the proud degree,
Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.
He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares,
Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and soon
To be a candidate for orders. Ah!
Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell
Deceive the shepherd, and devour the flock,
Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,
Withdrawn to taste the pleasures of the town,
Heated with wine, a vehement dispute
With a detested rival shook the roof:
He penn'd a challenge, sent it, fought, and fell.

HURDIS.

BOOK III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

CHAPTER I.

ON MODESTY.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes, indeed, passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a

tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father, but, coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuousness than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest assurance; by which we understand the *just mean* between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education, who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

SPECTATOR.

CHAPTER II.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that are inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the

greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed that the sacred Person, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions: it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity; and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights—with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured upon him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will toward him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine, that awakens a sacred delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence toward the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation I cannot but look upon it as a constant, habitual gratitude to the Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improbable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is its consideration of that Being, on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart, which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it: and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

SPECTATOR.

CHAPTER III.

ON SINCERITY.

Truth and Sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and to dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it

does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, or make excuses afterward, for anything he has said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another: but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at

once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation while he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last. TILLOTSON.

CHAPTER IV.

ON HONOUR.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those, who, by means of any of these advantages, are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is

beneath him, the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the speech of young Juba:

> Honour 's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens Virtue when it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not.
> It ought not to be sported with. CATO.

In the second place we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is, indeed, so becoming in human nature that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man: but we find several who so much abuse this notion that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was entrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon

the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. Those sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspere's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at they ought to consider that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

GUARDIAN.

CHAPTER V.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Good Humour may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perpetual softness of manners, easiness of

approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights and pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known, that the most certain way to give any man pleasure is, to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that, by this art only, spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear; and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness, than to raise esteem. Therefore in assemblies and places of resort it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue

him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself when he can find no other auditor or companion; as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction; who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those, from whom they have no reason to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wise and the knowing are willing to receive praise without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All, therefore, are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear; and he that encourages us to please ourselves, will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, "that he could have better spared a better man." He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented; but while his conviction compelled him to do justice to superior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and despise.

You may perhaps think this account of those who are distinguished for their good humour not very consistent with the praises which I have bestowed upon it. But surely nothing can more evidently show the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being considered as

a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by those that have excellences of higher reputation and brighter splendour, who perhaps imagine, that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expense of others, and are to demand compliance rather than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate mistake, that almost all those who have any claim to esteem or love press their pretensions with too little consideration of others. This mistake my own interest, as well as my zeal for general happiness, makes me desirous to rectify; for I have a friend, who, because he knows his own fidelity and usefulness, is neven willing to sink into a companion; I have a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest; but whose beauty now serves no other purpose than to entitle her to tyranny, and whose wit is only used to justify perverseness.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable, than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power; or show more cruelty, than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness. He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellences, or solicit his favours; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted. RAMBLER.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in

the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine, that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world with all the confidence of authority, and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings, to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, or affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations, which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officious-

ness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost: for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination—he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzless less.

RAMBLER.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF UNITING GENTLENESS OF MANNERS WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND.

I MENTIONED to you some time ago a sentence, which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct; it is *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life.

The *suaviter in modo* alone would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance, and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortiter in re;* which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suaviter in modo:* however, they are seldom united. The warm choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re.* He may possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *suaviter in modo* only: he becomes all things to all men; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person: he insinuates himself

only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by every body else. The wise man (who differs as much from the cunning as from the choleric man) alone joins the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.*

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered *suaviter in modo* will be willingly, cheerfully, and consequently well obeyed: whereas if given only *fortiter*, that is brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be interpreted than executed. For my own part, if I bade my footman bring me a glass of wine in a rough insulting manner, I should expect, that, in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me: and I am sure I should deserve it. A cool steady resolution should show, that, where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but at the same time a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviter in modo*, or you will give those who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it by resenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you must, by a steady perseverance and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortiter in re.* In short, this precept is the only way I know in the world of being loved without being despised, and feared without being hated. It constitutes the dignity of character, which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

If, therefore, you find that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suaviter in modo* to your assistance: at the first impulse of passion be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well that those emotions may not be read in it: a most unspeakable advantage in business! On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reason and prudence have bid you pursue; but return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness is always abused and insulted by the unjust and the unfeeling; but

meekness, when sustained by the *fortiter in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful: let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but, at the same time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming yours; let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner, but let them feel, at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment; for there is a great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self defence, which is always prudent and justifiable.

I conclude with this observation, That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties. LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON GOOD SENSE.

WERE I to explain what I understand by Good Sense, I should call it right reason; but right reason that arises not from formal and logical deductions, but from a sort of intuitive faculty in the soul, which distinguishes by immediate perception: a kind of innate sagacity, that in many of its properties seems very much to resemble instinct. It would be improper, therefore, to say, that sir Isaac Newton showed his good sense by those amazing discoveries which he made in natural philosophy; the operations of this gift of Heaven are rather instantaneous than the result of any tedious process. Like Diomede, after Minerva had indued him with the power of discerning gods from mortals, the man of good sense discovers at once the truth of those objects he is most concerned to distinguish, and conducts himself with suitable caution and security.

It is for this reason, possibly, that this quality of the mind is not so often found united with learning as one could wish; for good sense being accustomed to receive her discoveries without labour or study, she cannot so easily wait for those

truths, which, being placed at a distance, and lying concealed under numberless covers, require much pains and application to unfold.

But though good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences; yet is it (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed) "fairly worth the seven." Rectitude of understanding is indeed the most useful, as well as the most noble of human endowments; as it is the sovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and social intercourse.

Upon whatever occasion this enlightened faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; but its chief and peculiar province seems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly, we may observe that those who have conversed more with men than with books, whose wisdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation, generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection. For good sense, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved; and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the most kindly soil for its cultivation.

PRATT.

CHAPTER IX.

ON STUDY.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies,

le men admire them, and wise men use them: for they
ı not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them,
above them, won by observation. Read not to con-
ct and confute, nor to believe and take for granted; not
ıd talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some
s are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some
to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to
ad only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously;
some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and
ıtion. Some books also may be read by deputy, and
ıcts made of them by others; but that should be only
ıe less important arguments, and the meaner sorts of
s; else distilled books are like common distilled waters,
y things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a
y man; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if
ın write little, he had need have a great memory; if he
er little, he had need have a present wit; and if he
little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know
he doth not. BACON.

CHAPTER X.

ON SATIRICAL WIT.

ST me, this unweary pleasantry of thine will sooner or
bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-
an extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft, I
it happens that the person laughed at considers himself
ıe light of a person injured, with all the rights of such
uation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him
ıat light too, and reckonest upon his friends, his family,
indred and allies, and musterest up with them the many
its which will list under him from a sense of common
er, 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every
jokes thou hast got a hundred enemies; and, till thou
gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears,
art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be
inced it is so.

cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there
e least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in

these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive; but consider, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one or to make merry with the other; whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour to thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes; the best of us, my friend, lie open there; and trust me—when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

STERNE.

CHAPTER XI.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustuous perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows

and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod.—Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of one of which must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely), that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villanous: and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never IS, but always TO BE blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.
To BE, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.

Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to revert the laws
Of Order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Pope.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one step broken the great scale's destroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread order break—from whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the task or pains,
The great directing Mind of All ordains,
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul:
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

POPE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

WHO first taught souls enslav'd and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made.
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal, then, not Charity, became the guide;
And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
  So drives Self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws;
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
Even kings learn'd justice and benevolence;
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
  'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of humankind,

Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade:
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest:
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported, lives;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

Pope.

CHAPTER XV.

ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
That something still, which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool, and wise,
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.
  Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,
Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue vain:
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'rything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it say they, more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breaths through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And all were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
  Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in Hope, and these in Fear;
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
  Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON VIRTUE.

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man to know,
"Virtue alone is Happiness below?"
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And if it lose attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd;
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.
  See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find:
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.
  For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find).
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast. POPE.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON VERSIFICATION.

MANY by Numbers judge a Poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep;"
The reader 's threaten'd, not in vain, with "sleep;"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
  Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
And sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.

POPE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

How to live happiest: how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgust of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admired; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleased put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perused mankind.
  Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is Happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live:
Yet few attain it, if 'twas ere attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids, that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and, were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let Nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites:

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let Nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge: but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one; and, trust me, he
Who has not virtue is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity;
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heav'n: a happiness
That e'en above the smiles and frowns of Fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied).
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;

To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the Gods enjoy——
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preach'd.

ARMSTRONG.

CHAPTER XIX.

AGAINST INDOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE TO DR. CORNWALLIS.

In Frolic's hour, ere serious Thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
The Muse would take me on her airy wing,
And waft to views romantic; there present
Some motly vision, shade and sun; the cliff
O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins gray;
Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of various clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.
Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My mantle, and with winning look sublime
Allure to follow. What though steep the track;
Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
The scaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the prospects. She could tell
Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
But more advised to shun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
And woo some thriving art; her num'rous mines
Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.
Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flatt'ring pulse
Sounded irreg'lar marches to be gone—
What! pause a moment when Ambition calls?
[illegible] blood gallops to the distant goal,
[illegible]bs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.

When Fortune gentle, at th' hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent garb, but somewhat thin,
Smiling approach'd; and what occasion, ask'd,
Of climbing. She, already provident,
Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
Her viands, and a palate not too nice:
Unfit, she said, for perilous attempt;
That manly limb required, and sinew tough.
She took, and laid me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On poppy beds, where Morpheus strew'd the ground;
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And siren Sloth a dull quietus sung.
Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, nor objects to entice
Abroad the spirits: but the cloister'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a niche
Obscure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk or Indostan—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same trite round; the same stale, silent scene,
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude!—
But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet, with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,
And saunter with a book, and warbling Muse
In praise of hawthorns—Life's whole business this.
Is it to bask i' th' sun? If so, a snail
Were happy crawling on a southern wall.
Why sits content upon a cottage sill
At eventide, and blesses the coarse meal
In sooty corner? Why sweet Slumber wait
Th' hard pallet? Not because from haunt remote
Sequestered in a dingle's bushy lap:
'Tis Labour sav'ry makes the peasant's fare,
And works out his repose: for Ease must ask
The leave of Diligence to be enjoy'd.

O! listen not to that enchantress Ease
With seeming smile; her palatable cup
By standing grows insipid; and beware
The bottom, for there's poison in the lees.
What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd!
What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause!
Less strict devoir the Russ and Persian claim
Despotic; and as subjects long inur'd
To servile burden grow supine and tame,
So fares it with our sov'reign and her train.
What though with lure fallacious she pretend
From worldly bondage to set free, what gain
Her vot'ries? What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast?
Bestir, and answer your creation's end.
Think we that man, with vig'rous pow'r endow'd
And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, slight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard;
But such the tenure of our earthly state!
Riches and fame are Industry's reward;
The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.
Think what you owe your country, what yourself.
If splendour charm not, yet avoid the scorn
That treads on lowly stations. Think of some
Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
And thence with saucy grandeur looking down:
Think of (Reflection's stab!) the pitying friend,
With shoulder shrugg'd and sorry. Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd.
And if some sad example, indolent,
To warn and scare be wanting—think of me.

SNEYD DAVIES.

CHAPTER XX.

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

RE yet, ingenuous Youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
There Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;
! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay!
lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary Friendship pay.
'et know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues op'ning now so fair,
'ransplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each Passion's boist'rous breath to bear.
'here, if Ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;
f cold Self-int'rest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow;
f mimic hues, by Art or Fashion spread,
Their genuine, simple colouring should supply;
! with them may these laureate honours fade;
And with them, if it can, my friendship die.
—And do not blame, if, though thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
'he muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.
'oo actively awake at Friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
'ill sad Reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
o then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
o to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be, what the purest Muse would wish to sing,
e still Thyself: that open path of Truth
Which led thee here, let Manhood firm pursue,
etain the sweet simplicity of Youth,
And all thy virtue dictates dare to do,

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art;
  On Vice's front let fearful Caution low'r,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
  Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.
So, round thy brow when Age's honours spread,
  When Death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyr
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
  Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire;
He to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,
  On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain:
  "The Muse forbids the virtuous Man to die."

MASON.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH! little think the gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain:
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man;
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery: sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty: how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.
Whence, tumbling headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,

ith Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
›w many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
deep retir'd distress: how many stand
'ound the deathbed of their dearest friends,
ıd point the parting anguish.—Thought fond man
' these, and all the thousand nameless ills
ıat one incessant struggle render life,
ıe scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of fate,
ce in his high career would stand appall'd,
ıd heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
ıe conscious heart of Charity would warm,
ıd her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
ıe social tear would rise, the social sigh;
ıd into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
fining still, the social passions work. THOMSON.

CHAPTER XXII.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE.

ıs done!—dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
ıd reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
ıw dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
ıw dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
s desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
e here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
y flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
y sober Autumn fading into age,
ıd pale concluding Winter comes at last,
ıd shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
ıose dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
happiness? those longings after fame?
ose restless cares? those busy bustling days?
ose gay-spent festive nights; those veering thoughts,
st between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
l now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
mortal never-failing friend of Man,
s guide to happiness on high.—And see!
is come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heav'n, and earth! awak'ning Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r,
And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
And died, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans, pin'd
In starving solitude; while Luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more.
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all. THOMSON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's to Wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through ev'ry stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to Resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear, which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PAIN ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS ATTENDED WITH PLEASURE.

—— Behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance soothes,
With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd,
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some hapless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While ev'ry mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,

As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
To mutual Terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-smelling softness, which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?—
Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their sires
Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins!—when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of Glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street

Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds,
That clasp the mould'ring column:—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
"And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of Woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire. AKENSIDE.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON TASTE.

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal pow'rs
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand

Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
He, Mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze, or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds
O'er all the western sky! Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heav'n
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
Without enliv'ning suns and genial show'rs,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear it's blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in it's spring.
Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
To spread his careless limbs, amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer
The tale of slighted vows and Love's disdain
Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong day.
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill

Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men. Akenside.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O blest of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those overblooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state:
Yet Nature's care to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
It's lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wing;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade

Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd. Nor then partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight; her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, were negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundations; if to these the Mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the gen'ral orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men,
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his the relish of their souls.

AKENSIDE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SLAVERY.

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves, and rent the sky!
  E'en now, e'en now, on yonder Western shores
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish roars.
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous yell
Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of Hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!—
—Ye bands of Senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms; whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave;
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!
Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable Conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of Guilt alarms,
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But, wrapp'd in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye Senates! hear this truth sublime,
"He who allows oppression shares the crime."
  No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks
For others' woe down Virtue's manly cheeks.

Darwin.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

CHAPTER I.

ON ANGER.

QUESTION. — *Whether Anger ought to be suppressed entirely, or only to be confined within the bounds of moderation.*

THOSE who maintain that resentment is blamable only in the excess, support their opinion with such arguments as these:

Since anger is natural and useful to man, entirely to banish it from our breast would be an equally foolish and vain attempt; for as it is difficult, and next to impossible, to oppose nature to success; so it were imprudent, if we had it in our power, to cast away the weapons with which she has furnished us for our defence. The best armour against injustice is a proper degree of spirit, to repel the wrongs that are done, or designed against us; but if we divest ourselves of all resentment, we shall perhaps prove too irresolute and languid, both in resisting the attacks of injustice, and inflicting punishment upon those who have committed it. We shall therefore sink into contempt, and, by the tameness of our spirit, shall invite the malicious to abuse and affront us. Nor will others fail to deny us the regard which is due from them, if once they think us incapable of resentment. To remain unmoved at gross injuries has the appearance of stupidity, and will make us despicable and mean in the eyes of many who are not to be influenced by anything but their fears.

And as a moderate share of resentment is useful in its effects, so it is innocent in itself, nay, often commendable. The virtue of mildness is no less remote from insensibility, on the one hand, than from fury on the other. It implies that we are angry only upon proper occasions, and in a due degree; that we are never transported beyond the bounds of decency, or indulge a deep and lasting resentment; that we do not follow, but lead our passion, governing it as our servant, not submitting ourselves to it as our master. Under these regulations it is certainly excusable, when moved only by private wrongs: and, being excited by the injuries which others suffer, it bespeaks a generous mind, and deserves commendation. Shall a good man feel no indignation against injustice and barbarity? not even when he is witness to shocking instances of them? when he sees a friend basely and cruely treated? when he observes—

> Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

shall he still enjoy himself in perfect tranquillity? Will it be a crime if he conceives the least resentment? Will it not be rather somewhat criminal if he be destitute of it? In such cases we are commonly so far from being ashamed of our anger, as of something mean, that we are proud of it, and confess it openly, as what we count laudable and meritorious.

The truth is, there seems to be something manly, and, we are bold to say, something virtuous, in a just and well-conducted resentment. In the mean time, let us not be suspected of endeavouring to vindicate rage and peevishness, and implacable resentment. No; such is their deformity, so horrid and so manifest are the evils they produce, that they do not admit of any defence or justification. We condemn, we detest them, as unnatural, brutish, unmanly, and monstrous. All we contend for is, that it is better to be moderate in our resentment than to suppress it altogether. Let us, therefore, keep it under a strict discipline, and carefully restrain it within the bounds which reason prescribes, with regard to the occasion, degree, and continuance of it. But let us not presume to extirpate any of those *affections* which the wisdom of God has implanted in us,

which are so nicely balanced, and so well adjusted to each other, that by destroying one of them we may perhaps disorder and blemish the whole frame of our nature.

To these arguments, those who adopt the opinion that anger should be entirely suppressed, reply:

You tell us anger is natural to man; but nothing is more natural to man than reason, mildness, and benevolence. Now with what propriety can we call that natural to any creature which impairs and opposes the most essential and distinguishing parts of its constitution? Sometimes, indeed, we may call that natural to a species, which, being found in most of them, is not produced by art or custom. That anger is in this sense natural, we readily grant; but deny that we therefore cannot, or may not, lawfully extinguish it. Nature has committed to our management the faculties of the mind, as well as the members of the body; and, as when any of the latter become pernicious to the whole, we cut them off and cast them away; in like manner, when any of our affections are become hurtful and useless in our frame, by cutting them off we do not in the least counteract the intention of nature. Now such is anger to a wise man. To fools and cowards it is a necessary evil; but to a person of moderate sense and virtue it is an evil which has no advantage attending it. The harm it must do him is very apparent. It must ruffle his temper, make him less agreeable to his friends, disturb his reason, and unfit him for discharging the duties of life in a becoming manner. By only diminishing his passion he may lessen, but cannot remove the evil; for the only way to get clear of the one is by dismissing the other.

How, then, will anger be so useful to him as to make it worth his while to retain it in any degree? He may defend his own rights, assist an injured friend, prosecute and punish a villain. I say his prudence and friendship, his public spirit and calm resolution, will enable him to do all this, and to do it in a much more safe, proper, and effectual manner, without the assistance of anger than with it. He will be despised and neglected, you say, if he appear to have no resentment. You should rather say, if he appear to have no sedate wisdom and courage; for these qualities will be sufficient of themselves to secure him from contempt, and

maintain him in the possession of his just authority. Nor does anything commonly lessen us more in the eyes of others than our own passion. It often exposeth us to the contempt and derision of those who are not in our power; and if it makes us feared, it also makes us proportionally hated, by our inferiors and dependants. Let the influence it gives us be ever so great, that man must pay very dear for his power who procures it at the expense of his own tranquillity and peace.

Besides, the imitation of anger, which is easily formed, will produce the same effect upon others, as if the passion was real. If, therefore, to quicken the slow, to rouse the inattentive, and restrain the fierce, it is sometimes expedient that they believe you are moved, you may put on the outward appearance of resentment. Thus you may obtain the end of anger, without the danger and vexation that attend it; and may preserve your authority without forfeiting the peace of your mind.

However manly and vigorous anger may be thought, it is in fact but a weak principle, compared with the sedate resolution of a wise and virtuous man. The one is uniform and permanent, like the strength of a person in perfect health; the other, like a force which proceedeth from a fever, is violent for a time, but soon leaves the mind more feeble than before. To him, therefore, who is armed with a proper firmness of soul, no degree of passion can be useful in any respect. And to say it can ever be laudable and virtuous is, indeed, a sufficiently bold assertion. For the most part we blame it in others, and though we are apt to be indulgent enough to our own faults, we are often ashamed of it in ourselves. Hence it is common to hear men excusing themselves, and seriously declaring they were not angry, when they have given unquestionable proofs to the contrary. But do we not commend him who resents the injuries done to a friend or innocent person? Yes, we commend him; yet not for his passion, but for that generosity and friendship of which it is the evidence. For let any one impartially consider which of these characters he esteems the better—his who interests himself in the injuries of his friend, and zealously defends him with perfect calmess and serenity of temper; or his who pursues the same conduct under the influence of resentment.

If anger, then, is neither useful nor commendable, it is certainly the part of wisdom to suppress it entirely. We should rather confine it, you tell us, within certain bounds; but how shall we ascertain the limits to which it may, and beyond which it ought, not to pass? When we receive a manifest injury it seems we may resent it, provided we do it with moderation. When we suffer a worse abuse, our anger, I suppose, may rise somewhat higher. Now as the degrees of injustice are infinite, if our anger must always be proportioned to the occasion, it may possibly proceed to the utmost extravagance. Shall we set bounds to our resentment while we are yet calm? How can we be assured that, being once let loose, it will not carry us beyond them? Or shall we give passion the reins, imagining we can resume them at pleasure, or trusting it will tire or stop itself as soon as it has run to its proper length? As well might we think of giving laws to a tempest; as well might we endeavour to run mad by rule and method.

In reality, it is much easier to keep ourselves void of resentment than to restrain it from excess when it has gained admission; for if reason, while her strength is yet entire, is not able to preserve her dominion, what can she do when her enemy has in part prevailed, and weakened her force? To use the illustration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginnings of some things, whose progress afterwards we cannot hinder. We can forbear to cast ourselves down from a precipice, but if once we have taken the fatal leap we must descend, whether we will or no. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may stand firm upon the rock of tranquillity; but if she rashly forsake the summit she can scarcely recover herself, but is hurried away downward by her own passion with increasing violence.

Do not say that we exhort you to attempt that which is impossible. Nature has put it in our power to resist the motions of anger. We only plead inability when we want an excuse for our own negligence. Were a passionate man to forfeit a hundred pounds as often as he was angry, or were he sure he must die the next moment after the first sally of his passion, we should find he had a great command of his temper, whenever he could prevail upon himself to exercise a proper attention about it. And shall we not esteem it worthy of equal attention, worthy of our utmost

care and pains, to obtain that immovable tranquillity of mind, without which we cannot relish either life itself, or any of its enjoyments?—Upon the whole, then, we both may and ought, not merely to restrain, but extirpate anger. It is impatient of rule; in proportion as it prevails it will disquiet our minds; it has nothing commendable in itself, nor will it answer any valuable purpose in life.—HOLLAND.

CHAPTER II.

VIRTUE OUR HIGHEST INTEREST.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is everything subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No; nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not then originally made for the private convenience of me alone? It does not.—But is it not possible to accommodate it by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth,—if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this? If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest joined with others such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is, somewhere at least, possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit

t, and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my nterest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my in- erest; without some portion of which not even thieves can naintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social nterest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass rom my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, o the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the arth.—Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of ommerce; by the general intercourse of arts and letters; y that common nature, of which we all participate?— Again, I must have food and clothing—without a proper enial warmth I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this iew, to the very earth itself; to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour; to that stupendous course nd order of the infinite host of Heaven, by which the times nd seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once onfounded, I could not probably survive a moment, so bsolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge Virtue into Piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, are ny interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, doration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

But if all these moral and divine habits be my interest, I eed not, surely, seek for a better. I have an interest com- atible with the spot on which I live; I have an interest which may exist, without altering the plan of Providence; without mending or marring the general order of events. can bear whatever happens with manlike magnanimity; an be contented, and fully happy in the good which I pos- ess; and can pass through this turbid, this fickle, fleeting eriod, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or omplaints. HARRIS.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

All men pursue good; and would be happy, if they knew how; not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this steady durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good must be transient and uncertain; and if so, an object of lowest value, which can little deserve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking; like every other thing it must be derived from some cause, and that cause must be either external, internal, or mixed, inasmuch as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cause, by reason all derived from externals must fluctuate, as they fluctuate. By the same rule, not from a mixture of the two; because the part which is external will proportionally destroy its essence. What, then, remains but the cause internal; the very cause which we have supposed, when we place the sovereign good in Mind—in rectitude of Conduct? Harris.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Among other excellent arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created! Are

such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection, that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of, and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargement, I could imagine she might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation; but can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life, man can never take in his full measure of knowledge; nor has he time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next; and believing, that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its

nature without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider, that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherub, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well, that the period will come about in eternity when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows, that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered in relation to its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness?

Spectator.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;—The world shut out;—thy thoughts call home:—
Imagination's airy wing repress:—
Lock up thy senses;—let no passions stir;—
Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire:
What am I? and from whence? I nothing know
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: Eternal there must be—
But what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link
Of that long chain'd succession is so frail:
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs
Would want some other Father—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Reside not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns:—
And, if a GOD there is, that God how great!

YOUNG.

BOOK V.

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES.

CHAPTER I.

JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA.

Yes, noble lady! I swear by this blood, which was once so ›ure, and which nothing but royal villany could have poluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the proud, his vicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword; nor will I ever suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome. Ye Gods, I call you to witless this my oath!—There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ad spectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife —she died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom he lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her wn executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably enertained by her as a kinsman of her husband's, Sextus, the erfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, he generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Gloriius woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought ife no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall nen, with such an example before our eyes, and after five nd twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment we ave so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The patricians are at the head of the enterprise. The city s abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if ur own courage do not fail us. Can all these warriors, who

have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery? Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: The soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish so groundless a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome: they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them, who through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant. The number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands, to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans! the Gods are for us; those Gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned with sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects. Ye Gods, who protected our forefathers; ye Genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome, do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from profanation. Livy.

CHAPTER II.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left;—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune, which has

ıs laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before ur eyes those rewards of victory, than which no man was r wont to wish for greater from the immortal Gods. ould we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, ich were ravished from our fathers, these would be no in- siderable prizes. Yet what are these? The wealth of me, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. u have been long enough employed in driving the cattle on the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; yoı. re hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and gers you have undergone. The time is now come, to p the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so ny mountains and rivers; and through so many nations, of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has pointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample mpence of your completed service. For I would not you imagine, that victory will be as difficult, as the e of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often pened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, the most renowned kings and nations have by a small been overthrown. And if you but take away the ter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may d in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your vice in war for twenty years together with so much valour l success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the an, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so ny warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come er victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? th raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, van- ished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an y unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him. r, shall I, who was born I might almost say, but cer- ly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most ex- nt general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with half year captain? A captain before whom should place the two armies without their ensigns, I am per- ed he would not know to which of them he is consul. eem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there

one among you who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one, of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry: you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge!—First they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed. Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step toward that city. It is a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain! and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again I say, *you are conquerors.*

CHAPTER III.

C. MARIUS TO THE ROMANS, ON THEIR HESITATING TO APPOINT HIM GENERAL IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST JUGURTHA, MERELY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS EXTRACTION.

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me, for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought. And, beside the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me: and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantages of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the patricians want nothing so much as an

occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this; but where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they

answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country; by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; while they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, while they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace our illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by our own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family! I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces. SALLUST.

CHAPTER IV.

CALISTHENES'S REPROOF OF CLEON'S FLATTERY TO ALEXANDER.

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed. He would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praise is lasting but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death. And whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is surely easier to make a king than a god! to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confess ourselves inferior to them?

Quintus Curtius.

CHAPTER V.

THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADOR TO ALEXANDER.

F your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world ould not contain you. Your right hand would touch the ast, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp t more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach sia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should onquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with oods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt o subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course f things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many ears in growing to their height, and are cut down in an our? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take are, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the round with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion, hen dead, is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the ardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in anger from what is weak. It will therefore be your wisom to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scyhians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why hould you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts, and athless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name f Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery, nd we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. hat you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we resent you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. Ve use these respectively in our commerce with friends and ith foes. We give to our friends the corn which we raise y the labour of our oxen; with the goblet we join them in ouring drink offerings to the gods; and with arrows we ttack our enemies. We have conquered those who have ttempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and ikewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they nade unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of ro-ers, and are yourself the general robber of mankind.

have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is twofold; to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit; but to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians at one time too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they flee. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer! The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom, to keep with strict attention what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours; and with fins, to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Hammon. It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what good they have. But if you are no God, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are

likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressor and the oppressed. Even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but to perform without promising; and they think an appeal to the gods superfluous, for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situate as to have it in their power either to serve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies, or for enemies. QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAPTER VI.

GALGACUS THE GENERAL OF THE CALEDONII TO HIS ARMY, TO INCITE THEM TO ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS.

WHEN I reflect on the causes of the war, and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion, that our united efforts on the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debased by slavery; and we have no prospect of a secure retreat behind us, either by land or sea, while the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been

fought with various success against the Romans, the resources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the noblest inhabitants of Britain, and therefore stationed in its deepest recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the farthest limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obscurity of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of these invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean; stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor: unsatiated by the East and by the West: the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

Our children and relations are, by the appointment of Nature, rendered the dearest of all things to us. These are torn away by levies to foreign servitude. Our wives and sisters, though they should escape the violation of hostile force, are polluted under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down, amid stripes and insults, in clearing woods and draining marshes. Wretches born to slavery are first bought, and afterwards fed by their masters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves every new comer serves for the scorn and derision of his fellows; so, in this ancient household of the world, we, as the last and vilest, are sought out for destruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preserve us for our labours; and our valour and unsubmitting spirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious masters; while the very remoteness and secrecy of our situation, in proportion as it conduces to security, will tend to inspire suspicion. Since, then, all hopes of forgiveness are vain, let those at length assume courage, to whom

glory, to whom safety is dear. The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps; and, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke. And shall not we, untouched, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first onset what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence?

Can you imagine, that the Romans are as brave in war as they are insolent in peace? Acquiring renown from our discords and dissensions, they convert the errors of their enemies to the glory of their own army; an army compounded of the most different nations, which, as success alone has kept together, misfortune will certainly dissipate. Unless, indeed, you can suppose that Gauls, and Germans, and (I blush to say it) even Britons, lavishing their blood for a foreign state, to which they have been longer foes than subjects, will be retained by loyalty and affection! Terror and dread alone—weak bonds of attachment—are the ties by which they are restrained; and when these are once broken, those who cease to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no habitation, or a distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror at the woods, seas, and a haven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle show, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The Germans will desert them, as the Usipii have lately done. Nor is there anything formidable behind them:—ungarrisoned forts; colonies of invalids; municipal towns distempered and distracted between unjust masters and ill-obeying subjects. Here is your general; here your army. There, tributes, mines, and all the train of servile punishments; which whether to bear eternally, or instantly to revenge, this field must determine. March, then, to battle; and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

TACITUS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL'S SPEECH, PROPOSING AN ACCOMMODATION BETWEEN HENRY II. AND STEPHEN.

In the midst of a wide and open plain, Henry found Stephen encamped, and pitched his own tents within a quarter of a mile of him, preparing for battle with all the eagerness that the desire of empire and glory could excite in a brave and youthful heart, elate with success. Stephen also much wished to bring the contest between them to a speedy decision: but while he and Eustace were consulting with William of Ipres, in whose affection they most confided, and by whose private advice they took all their measures, the Earl of Arundel having assembled the English nobility and principal officers, spoke to this effect:

It is now above sixteen years, that, on a doubtful and disputed claim to the crown, the rage of civil war has almost continually infested this kingdom. During this melancholy period how much blood has been shed! What devastations and misery have been brought on the people! The laws have lost their force, the crown its authority: licentiousness and impunity have shaken all the foundations of public security. This great and noble nation has been delivered a prey to the basest of foreigners, the abominable scum of Flanders, Brabant, and Bretagne; robbers rather than soldiers, restrained by no laws, divine or human, tied to no country, subject to no prince, instruments of all tyranny, violence, and oppression. At the same time, our cruel neighbours, the Welsh and the Scotch, calling themselves allies or auxiliaries to the Empress, but in reality enemies and destroyers of England, have broken their bounds, ravaged our borders, and taken from us whole provinces, which we can never hope to recover; while, instead of employing our united force against them, we continue thus madly, without any care of our public safety or national honour, to turn our swords against our own bosoms. What benefits have we gained, to compensate all these losses, or what do we expect? When Matilda was mistress of the kingdom, though her power was not yet confirmed, in what manner did she govern? Did she not make even those of her own faction and court regret the king? Was not her pride more intolerable still than his levity, her rapine than his profuseness? Were any years of his reign so grievous

to the people, so offensive to the nobles, as the first days of hers? When she was driven out, did Stephen correct his former bad conduct? Did he dismiss his odious foreign favourite? Did he discharge his lawless foreign hirelings, who had been so long the scourge and the reproach of England? Have they not lived ever since upon free quarter, by plundering our houses and burning our cities? And now, to complete our miseries, a new army of foreigners, Angevins, Gascons, Poictevins, I know not who, are come over with Henry Plantagenet, the son of Matilda; and many more, no doubt, will be called to assist him, as soon as ever his affairs abroad will permit; by whose help, if he be victorious, England must pay the price of their services: our lands, our honours, must be the hire of these rapacious invaders. But suppose we should have the fortune to conquer for Stephen, what will be the consequence? Will victory teach him moderation? Will he learn from security that regard for our liberties which he could not learn from danger? Alas! the only fruit of our good success will be this: the estates of the Earl of Leicester, and others of our countrymen who have now quitted the party of the king, will be forfeited; and new confiscations will accrue to William of Ipres.

But let us not hope that, be our victory ever so complete, it will give any lasting peace to this kingdom. Should Henry fall in this battle, there are two other brothers to succeed to his claim, and support his faction, perhaps with less merit, but certainly with as much ambition as he. What shall we do then, to free ourselves from all these misfortunes? Let us prefer the interest of our country to that of our party, and to all those passions, which are apt, in civil dissensions, to inflame zeal into madness, and render men the blind instruments of those very evils which they fight to avoid. Let us prevent all the crimes, and all the horrors, that attend a war of this kind, in which conquest itself is full of calamity, and our most happy victories deserve to be celebrated only by tears. Nature herself is dismayed, and shrinks back from a combat where every blow that we strike may murder a friend, a relation, a parent. Let us hearken to her voice, which commands us to refrain from that guilt. Is there one of us here, who would not think it a happy and glorious act to save the life of one of his countrymen? What

a felicity then, and what a glory, must it be to us all, if we save the lives of thousands of Englishmen, that must otherwise fall in this battle, and in many other battles, which hereafter may be fought on this quarrel! It is in our power to do so—it is in our power to end the controversy, both safely and honourably; by an amicable agreement, not by the sword. Stephen may enjoy the royal dignity for his life, and the succession may be secured to the young duke of Normandy, with such a present rank in the state as befits the heir of the crown. Even the bitterest enemies of the king must acknowledge that he is valiant, generous, and good-natured; his warmest friends cannot deny that he has a great deal of rashness and indiscretion. Both may therefore conclude that he should not be deprived of the royal authority, but that he ought to be restrained from a further abuse of it; which can be done by no means so certain and effectual as what I propose: for thus his power will be tempered by the presence, the counsels, and influence of prince Henry; who, for his own interest in the weal of the kingdom which he is to inherit, will always have a right to interpose his advice, and even his authority, if it be necessary, against any future violation of our liberties; and to procure an effectual redress of our grievances, which we have hitherto sought in vain. If all the English in both armies unite, as I hope they may, in this plan of pacification, they will be able to give the law to the foreigners, and oblige both the king and the duke to consent to it. This will secure the public tranquillity, and leave no secret stings of resentment to rankle in the hearts of a suffering party, and produce future disturbances. As there will be no triumph, no insolence, no exclusive right to favour on either side, there can be no shame, no anger, no uneasy desire of change. It will be the work of the whole nation; and all must wish to support what all have established. The sons of Stephen indeed may endeavour to oppose it; but their efforts will be fruitless, and must end very soon either in their submission or their ruin. Nor have they any reasonable cause to complain. Their father himself did not come to the crown by hereditary right. He was elected in preference to a woman and an infant, who were deemed not to be capable of ruling a kingdom. By that election our allegiance is bound to him during his life: but neither that *bond, nor* the reason for which we chose him, will hold as

to the choice of a successor. Henry Plantagenet is now grown up to an age of maturity, and every way qualified to succeed to the crown. He is the grandson of a king whose memory is dear to us, and the nearest heir male to him in the course of descent: he appears to resemble him in all his good qualities, and to be worthy to reign over the Normans and English, whose noblest blood united enriches his veins. Normandy has already submitted to him with pleasure. Why should we now divide that duchy from England, when it is so greatly the interest of our nobility to keep them always connected? If we had no other inducement to make us desire a reconciliation between him and Stephen, this would be sufficient. Our estates in both countries will by these means be secured, which otherwise we must forfeit, in the one or the other, while Henry remains possessed of Normandy: and it will not be an easy matter to drive him thence, even though we should compel him to retire from England. But, by amicably compounding his quarrel with Stephen, we shall maintain all our interests, private and public. His greatness abroad will increase the power of this kingdom; it will make us respectable and formidable to France; England will be the head of all those ample dominions which extend from the British ocean to the Pyrenean mountains. By governing, in his youth, so many different states, he will learn to govern us; and come to the crown, after the decease of king Stephen, accomplished in all the arts of good policy. His mother has willingly resigned to him her pretensions, or rather she acknowledges that his are superior; we therefore can have nothing to apprehend on that side. In every view, our peace, our safety, the repose of our consciences, the quiet and happiness of our posterity, will be firmly established by the means I propose. Let Stephen continue to wear the crown that we gave him as long as he lives; but after his death let it descend to that prince who alone can put an end to our unhappy divisions. If you approve my advice, and will empower me to treat in your names, I will immediately convey your desires to the king and the duke. LORD LYTTELTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PULTENEY'S SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR REDUCING THE ARMY.

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind: to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation; a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by; they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties: it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we, then, take any of our measures from the example of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country: it may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men; we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers

toward their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclination; if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of his house he must do it, he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine that an army raised and maintained by authority of Parliament will always be submissive to them: if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid, that, in place of the Parliament dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the case: for with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament dismissed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know, that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most

illustrious house, nor any sncceesion, can ever be safe as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures; but how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continue, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home: if this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see a reduction; and this nation, already overburthened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army, and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

CHAPTER IX.

R JOHN ST. AUBIN'S SPEECH FOR REPEALING THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.

MR. SPEAKER,

: subject matter of this debate is of such importance, I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without savouring in the best manner I able, to declare pub- the reasons which induced me to give my most ready nt to this question.

'he people have an uuquestionable right to frequent parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been irmed by several laws, which have been progressively e by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary sist on this essential privilege.

'arliaments were generally annual, but never continued ;er than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry Eighth. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and n arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they d in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his am- m; he, therefore, introduced long Parliaments because ery well knew that they would become the proper in- ments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid ll his measures is sufficiently known.

f we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we t acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; ad certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. here lay the misfortune—he was led from his natural sition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him eglect the calling of frequent new Parliaments; and efore by not taking the constant sense of his people in t he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of ogative, that the Commons (in order to restrain it) ined that independent fatal power, which at last un- ily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the e time subverted the whole constitution. And I hope hall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the m with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the

people those rights, which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of Parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside; but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect he did so; for he obtained a Parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It is very well known that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here. The people were therefore amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution; it existed indeed in their fancy, but, like a mere phantom, had no substance or reality in it; for the power, the authority, the dignity of Parliaments, were wholly lost. This was that remarkable Parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model, from which, I believe, some later Parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile Parliaments, it was then declared that they should be held frequently. But it seems their full meaning was not understood by this declaration: and therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the Parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that, though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His Majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review, there *shall* appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat

them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this House, which has gone through so long a series of services to his Majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner, in which the septennial law was first introduced is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People in their fears have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of Parliaments, but it extended that same Parliament beyonds its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it, that you may at any time usurp the most undubitable, the most essential privilege of the people—I mean that of choosing their own representatives. A precedent of such a dangerous consequence—of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute book if that law were any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit. Let us take advantage of it, to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force unless they are frequently renewed—long Parliaments become therefore independent of the people; and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long Parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking. Hardly any one has submitted to it all at once. His disposition must be previously understood; the particular bait must be found out, with which he is to be allured, and after all it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some, who will at once plunge themselves into

any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees. One or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short Parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new Parliaments will produce frequent new expenses, but I think quite the contrary; I am really of an opinion that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? Not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long Parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts; but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair. Despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation while it is perpetually upon its guard. —Let country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good; this will raise that

zeal and spirit which will at last get the better of those undue influences, by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only.—I live in a country where it is too well known; and I appeal to many gentlemen in the House, to more out of it (and who are so for this very reason), for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution; and I hope the time will come, when you will probe it to the bottom.—For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a spurious representative of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of Parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown; if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended, to remove the first and principal disorder.—Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of Parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his Majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this House, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

CHAPTER X.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S REPLY.

Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it; yet, I hope, the House will indulge me in the liberty of giving some of those reasons, which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government; and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, the aristocratical, and democratical forms of government, are mixed and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences; that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution; that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which expose them to be made the tools, if not the prey of their neighbours; therefore in all the regulations we make, with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident: because, in such case no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence, till they had felt not only the pulse of the Parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, *that,* as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged,

their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people; and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from which the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this House is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this House would be as wavering and as unsteady as the people usually are; and, it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this House, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial Parliaments, Sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes; because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the Parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new election comes on, to give the people proper information, in order to show them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right, before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that in monarchical and aristocratical governments it generally arises from violence and oppression; but in democratical governments it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government; for in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power; when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest

of their country: in popular governments such men have too much game; they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against those, that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our Parliaments were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture, which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to greater perfection than it was ever in, before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain, to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this House, to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true: but I am persuaded, that neither of these is possible. As the members of this House generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any of them could, by a pension or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves *in any* danger, there may be many of the electors, who by

a bribe of ten guineas might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a case, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they choose one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not thence to be inferred that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation must always be accounted for the very next session, in this House, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on beside their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages; they are obliged to live at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expense, than gentlemen of equal fortunes, who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage with respect to the supporting their interests in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in

office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation toward the latter end of the late Queen's reign? And it is well known, what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late Majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the action was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law, which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think, that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD LYTTLETON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE ACT CALLED THE JEW BILL, IN THE YEAR 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session for the naturalization of Jews; because I am convinced, that, in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among

us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is indeed of the highest and most serious importance. God forbid we should be ever indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist; and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom on some occasions must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former would discover an ignorance of human nature; not to resist the latter at all times would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing), but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry, religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to iufuse idle fears into the minds of the people,

and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint these endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and Hell are not more distant, than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called Holy Wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the mind of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests, and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state; whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe, that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy, which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect, which is so justly due to them, by popular clamour, kept up in opposition to a matter of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain, that no farther step you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and *safe* condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all

beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government. It might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the synagogue, it will go thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its farther progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the antichristian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains: but civil tyranny is called in to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care that they may never return.

CHAPTER XII.

IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine Mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting Truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem; and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and

the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being.—Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state, to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgotten; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.—But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds, that it has in this. The farther any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence.—To say no more; it is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence therefore is it, that we practise it.—There is no argument or motive, which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world.—If you are wise then, study virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost. PRICE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

None?—then none have I offended—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.——

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIV.

GLOCESTER'S SPEECH TO THE NOBLES.

Brave Peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars;
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true Inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O Peers of England! shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Shakspeare.

CHAPTER XV.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove! I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No 'faith, my lord, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more;
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is nam'd
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
The feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Sal'sbury and Glo'ster,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition,
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day.

SHAKSPEARE.

BOOK VI.

DIALOGUES.

CHAPTER I.

ON HAPPINESS.

'as at a time, when a certain friend, whom I highly ;, was my guest. We had been sitting together, enter-ng ourselves with Shakspeare. Among many of his icters we had looked into that of Wolsey. How soon, my friend, does the Cardinal in disgrace abjure that iness, which he was lately so fond of! Scarcely out fice, but he begins to exclaim,

Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!

ue is it, that our sentiments ever vary with the season; hat in adversity we are of one mind, in prosperity of ier. As for his mean opinion, said I, of human happi-it is a truth, which small reflection might have taught long before. There seems little need of distress to in-us of this. I rather commend the seeming wisdom of eastern monarch, who in the affluence of prosperity, ı he was proving every pleasure, was yet so sensible of emptiness, their insufficiency to make him happy, that oclaimed a reward to the man who should invent a delight. The reward indeed was proclaimed, but the ht was not to be found. If by delight, he said, you ı some good; something conducing to real happiness; ight have been found, perhaps, and yet not hit the ırch's fancy. Is that, said I, possible? It is possible, ed he, though it had been the sovereign good itself. indeed what wonder? Is it probable, that such a

mortal as an eastern monarch; such a pampered, flattered, idle mortal, should have attention or capacity for a subject so delicate? A subject, enough to exercise the subtlest and most acute?

What then is it you esteem, said I, the Sovereign Good to be? It should seem, by your representation, to be something very uncommon. Ask me not the question, said he; you know not where it will carry us. Its general idea indeed is easy and plain; but the detail of particulars is perplexed and long; passions and opinions for ever thwart us; a paradox appears in almost every advance. Besides, did our inquiries succeed ever so happily, the very subject itself is always enough to give me pain. That, replied I, seems a paradox indeed. It is not, said he, from any prejudice, which I have conceived against it; for to man I esteem it the noblest in the world. Nor is it for being a subject to which my genius does not lead me; for no subject at all times has more employed my attention. But the truth is, I can scarce ever think of it, but an unlucky story still occurs to my mind:—"A certain star-gazer with his "telescope was once viewing the moon; and describing her "seas, her mountains, and her territories. Says a clown to "his companion, Let him spy what he pleases; we are as "near to the moon as he and all his brethren." So fares it, alas! with these our moral speculations. Practice too often creeps, where theory can soar. The philosopher proves as weak, as those whom he most contemns. A mortifying thought to such as will attend to it. Too mortifying, replied I, to be long dwelt on. Give us rather your general idea of the Sovereign Good. This is easy from your own account, however intricate the detail.

Thus, then, said he, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The Sovereign Good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And how, said I, do we possess it? Is it sensual or intellectual? There you are entering, said he, upon the detail. This is beyond your question. Not a small advance, said I, to indulge poor curiosity? Will you raise me a thirst, and be so cruel not to allay it? It is not, replied he, of my raising, but your own. Besides, I am not certain, should I attempt to proceed, whether you will admit such authorities, as it is *possible* I may vouch. That, said I, must be determined

by their weight and character. Suppose, said he, it should be mankind; the whole human race. Would you not think it something strange, to seek of those concerning Good, who pursue it a thousand ways, and many of them contradictory? I confess, said I, it seems so. And yet, continued he, were there a point in which such dissentients ever agreed, this agreement would be no mean argument in favour of its truth and justness. But where, replied I, is this agreement to be found?

He answered me by asking, what if it should appear, that there were certain original characteristics and preconceptions of good, which were natural, uniform, and common to all men; which all recognized in their various pursuits; and that the difference lay only in the applying them to particulars? This requires, said I, to be illustrated. As if, continued he, a company of travellers, in some wide forest, were all intending for one city, but each by a route peculiar to himself. The roads indeed would be various, and many perhaps false: but all who travelled, would have one end in view. It is evident, said I, they would. So fares it then, added he, with mankind in the pursuit of good. The ways indeed are many, but what they seek is one.

For instance: Did you ever hear of any, who in pursuit of their good were for living the life of a bird, an insect, or a fish? None. And why not? It would be inconsistent, answered I, with their nature. You see, then, said he, they all agree in this, that what they pursue ought to be consistent and agreeable to their common nature. So ought it, said I, undoubtedly. If so, continued he, one preconception is discovered, which is common to good in general. It is, that all good is supposed something agreeable to nature. This indeed, replied I, seems to be agreed on all hands.

But again, said he, Is there a man scarcely to be found of a temper so truly mortified, as to acquiesce in the lowest and shortest necessaries of life? Who aims not, if he be able, at something farther, something better? I replied, scarcely one. Do not multitudes pursue, said he, infinite objects of desire, acknowledged, every one of them, to be in no respect necessaries? Exquisite viands, delicious wines, splendid apparel, curious gardens, magnificent apart-

ments adorned with pictures and sculptures; music and poetry, and the whole tribe of elegant arts? It is evident, said I. If it be, continued he, it should seem, that they all considered the Chief or Sovereign Good not to be that which conduces to bare existence or mere being; for to this the necessaries alone are adequate. I replied, they were. But if not this, it must be somewhat conducive to that, which is superior to mere being. It must. And what, continued he, can this be, but well-being, under the various shapes in which different opinions paint it? Or can you suggest any thing else? I replied, I could not. Mark here, then, continued he, another preconception, in which they all agree; the Sovereign Good is somewhat conducive, not to mere being, but to well-being. I replied, it had so appeared.

Again, continued he. What labour, what expense, to procure those rarities, which our own poor country is unable to afford us! How is the world ransacked to its utmost verges, and luxury and arts imported from every quarter! Nay more: How do we baffle Nature herself; invert her order; seek the vegetables of spring in the rigours of winter, and winter's ice during the heats of summer! I replied, we did. And what disappointment, what remorse, when endeavours fail! It is true. If this then be evident, said he, it would seem, that whatever we desire as our Chief and Sovereign Good is something, which, as far as possible, we would accommodate to all places and times. I answered, so it appeared. See then, said he, another of its characteristics, another preconception.

But, farther still; What contests for wealth! What scrambling for property! What perils in the pursuit! What solicitude in the maintenance! And why all this? To what purpose, what end? Or is not the reason plain? Is it not, that wealth may continually procure us whatever we fancy good; and make that perpetual, which would otherwise be transient? I replied, it seemed so. Is it not farther desired, as supplying us from ourselves; when, without it, we must be beholden to the benevolence of others, and depend on their caprice for all that we enjoy? It is true, said I, this seems a reason.

Again; Is not power of every degree as much contested for as wealth? Are not magistracies, honours, principalities, and empire, the subjects of strife and everlasting contention;

I replied, they were. And why, said he, this? To obtain what end? Is it not to help us, like wealth, to the possession of what we desire? Is it not farther to ascertain, to secure our enjoyments; that when others would deprive us, we may be strong enough to resist them? I replied, it was.

Or, to invert the whole; Why are there, who seek recesses the most distant and retired; flee courts and power, and submit to parsimony and obscurity? Why all this, but from the same intention? From an opinion, that small possessions, used moderately, are permanent; that larger possessions raise envy, and are more frequently invaded; that the safety of power and dignity is more precarious than that of retreat; and that therefore they have chosen what is most eligible upon the whole? It is not, said I, improbable, that they act by some such motive.

Do you not see, then, continued he, two or three more preconceptions of the Sovereign Good, which are sought for by all, as essential to constitute it? And what, said I, are these? That it should not be transient, nor derived from the will of others, nor in their power to take away; but be durable, self-derived, and (if I may use the expression) indeprivable. I confess, said I, it appears so. But we have already found it to be considered, as something agreeable to our nature; conducive, not to mere being, but to well-being; and what we aim to have accommodated to all places and times. We have.

There may be other characteristics, said he, but these I think sufficient. See then its idea; behold it as collected from the original, natural, and universal preconceptions of all mankind. The Sovereign Good, they have taught us, ought to be something *agreeable to our nature; conducive to well-being; accommodated to all places and times; durable, self-derived, and indeprivable.* Your account, said I, appears just. HARRIS.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

BRUTUS perished untimely, and Cæsar did no more.—These words I was repeating the next day to myself, when my

friend appeared, and cheerfully bade me good morrow. I could not return his compliment with an equal gayety, being intent, somewhat more than usual, on what had passed the day before. Seeing this, he proposed a walk into the fields. The face of Nature, said he, will perhaps dispel these glooms. No assistance, on my part, shall be wanting, you may be assured. I accepted his proposal; the walk began; and our former conversation was insensibly renewed.

Brutus, said he, perished untimely, and Cæsar did no more.—It was thus, as I remember, not long since, you were expressing yourself. And yet suppose their fortunes to have been exactly parallel—Which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæsar, or Brutus? Brutus, replied I, beyond all controversy. He asked me, Why? Where was the difference, when their fortunes, as we now supposed them, were considered as the same? There seems, said I, abstract from their fortunes, something, I know not what, intrinsically preferable in the life and character of Brutus. If that, said he, be true, then must we derive it, not from the success of his endeavours, but from their truth and rectitude. He had the comfort to be conscious, that his cause was a just one. It was impossible the other should have any such feeling. I believe, said I, you have explained it.

Suppose then, continued he (it is but merely an hypothesis), suppose, I say, we were to place the Sovereign Good in such a rectitude of conduct, in the Conduct merely, and not in the Event. Suppose we were to fix our Happiness, not in the actual attainment of that health, that perfection of a social state, that fortunate concurrence of externals, which is congruous to our nature, and which all have a right to pursue; but solely fix it in the mere doing whatever is correspondent to such an end, even though we never attain, or are near attaining it. In fewer words; What if we make our natural state the standard only to determine our conduct, and place our happiness in the rectitude of this conduct alone? On such an hypothesis (and we consider it as nothing farther) we should not want a good, perhaps, to correspond to our preconceptions; for this, it is evident, would be correspondent to them all. Your doctrine, replied I, is so new and strange, that though you have been copious in explaining, I can hardly yet comprehend you.

It amounts all, said he, but to this: Place your happiness where your praise is. I asked, where he supposed that? Not, replied he, in the pleasures which you feel, more than your disgrace lies in the pain; not in the casual prosperity of fortune, more than your disgrace in the casual adversity; but in just complete action throughout every part of life, whatever be the face of things, whether favourable or the contrary.

But why then, said I, such accuracy about externals? so much pains to be informed, what are pursuable, what avoidable? It behoves the pilot, replied he, to know the seas and the winds; the nature of tempests, calms, and tides. They are the subjects about which his heart is conversant. Without a just experience of them he can never prove himself an artist. Yet we look not for his reputation either in fair gales, or in adverse; but in the skilfulness of his conduct, be these events as they happen. In like manner fares it with the moral artist. He for a subject has the whole of human life: health and sickness; pleasure and pain; with every other possible incident, which can befal him during his existence. If his knowledge of all these be accurate and exact, so too must his conduct, in which we place his happiness. But if his knowledge be defective, must not his conduct be defective also? I replied, so it should seem. And if his conduct, then his happiness? It is true.

You see then, continued he, even though externals were as nothing; though it was true, in their own nature, they were neither good nor evil; yet an accurate knowledge of them is, from our hypothesis, absolutely necessary. Indeed, said I, you have proved it.

He continued—Inferior artists may be at a stand, because they want materials. From their stubbornness and intractability they may often be disappointed. But as long as life is passing, and Nature continues to operate, the moral artist of life has at all times all he desires. He can never want a subject fit to exercise him in his proper calling; and that with this happy motive to the constancy of his endeavours, that the crosser, the harsher, the more untoward the events, the greater his praise, the more illustrious his reputation.

All this, said I, is true, and cannot be denied. But one circumstance there appears, where your simile seems to fail. The praise indeed of the pilot we allow to be in his conduct;

but it is in the success of that conduct where we look for his happiness. If a storm arise, and the ship be lost, we call him not happy, how well soever he may have conducted it. It is then only we congratulate him, when he has reached the desired haven. Your distinction, said he, is just. And it is here lies the noble prerogative of moral artists above all others. But yet I know not how to explain myself, I fear my doctrine will appear so strange. You may proceed, said I, safely, since you advance it but as an hypothesis.

Thus, then, continued he—The end in other arts is ever distant and removed. It consists not in the mere conduct, much less in a single energy; but in the just result of many energies, each of which is essential to it. Hence, by obstacles unavoidable, it may often be retarded; nay more, may be so embarrassed, as never possibly to be attained. But in the moral art of life the very conduct is the end; the very conduct, I say, itself, throughout its every minutest energy; because each of these, however minute, partakes as truly of rectitude, as the largest combinations of them, when considered collectively. Hence of all arts this is the only one perpetually complete in every instant; because it needs not, like other arts, time to arrive at that perfection, at which in every instant it is arrived already. Hence by duration it is not rendered either more or less perfect: completion, like truth, admitting of no degrees, and being in no sense capable of either intention or remission. And hence, too, by necessary connection (which is a greater paradox than all), even that Happiness or Sovereign Good, the end of this moral art, is itself too, in every instant, consummate and complete; is neither heightened nor diminished by the quantity of its duration, but is the same to its enjoyers, for a moment or a century.

Upon this I smiled. He asked me the reason. It is only to observe, said I, the course of our inquiries. A new hypothesis has been advanced: appearing somewhat strange, it is desired to be explained. You comply with the request, and in pursuit of the explanation make it ten times more obscure and unintelligible than before. It is but too often the fate, said he, of us commentators. But you know in such cases what is usually done. When the comment will not explain the text, we try whether the text will not explain itself. This method, it is possible, may assist us here. The hypo-

thesis, which we would have illustrated, was no more than this: That the Sovereign Good lay in Rectitude of Conduct; and that this good corresponded to all our preconceptions. Let us examine, then, whether upon trial this correspondence will appear to hold; and for all that we have advanced since, suffer it to pass, and not perplex us. Agreed, said I, willingly, for now I hope to comprehend you.

Recollect then, said he. Do you not remember, that one preconception of the Sovereign Good was, to be accommodated to all times and places? I remember it. And is there any time, or any place, whence Rectitude of Conduct may be excluded? Is there not a right action in prosperity, a right action in adversity? May there not be a decent, generous, and laudable behaviour, not only in peace, in power, and in health; but in war, in oppression, in sickness, and in death? There may.

And what shall we say to those other preconceptions; to being durable, self-derived, and indeprivable? Can there be any Good so durable, as the power of always doing right? Is there any good conceivable, so entirely beyond the power of others? Or, if you hesitate and are doubtful, I would be willingly informed, into what circumstances may Fortune throw a brave and honest man, where it shall not be in his power to act bravely and honestly? If there be no such, then Rectitude of Conduct, if a Good, is a Good indeprivable. I confess, said I, it appears so.

But farther, said he: Another preconception of the Sovereign Good was, to be agreeable to nature. It was. And can any thing be more agreeable to a rational and social conduct? Nothing. But rectitude of Conduct is with us Rational and Social Conduct. It is.

Once more, continued he: Another preconception of this Good was, to be conducive not to mere being, but to well-being. Admitted. And, can any thing, believe you, conduce so probably to the well-being of a rational, social animal, as the right exercise of that reason, and of those social affections? Nothing. And what is this same exercise, but the highest Rectitude of Conduct? Certainly.

HARRIS.

CHAPTER III.

ON CRITICISM.

—And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? O, against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus, —stopping as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds, and three fifths by a stopwatch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? —Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I look'd only at the stopwatch, my lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—O! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,—quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, &c., my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at; —upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's— 'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord, not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael —the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio —the learning of Poussin—the air of Guido—the taste of the Caraccis—or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that

man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore. Sterne.

CHAPTER IV.

ON NEGROES.

When Tom, an' please your honour, got to the shop there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.—'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby—she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy—

—She was good, an' please your honour, from nature as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it—

Then do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

A negro has a soul, an' please your honour, said the corporal (doubtingly).

I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.—

—It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would so, said my uncle Toby. Why, then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby—

—Only, cried the corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her—

—'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her;—'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now—where it may be hereafter, Heaven

knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

—God forbid, said the corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart. STERNE.

CHAPTER V.

RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.

Sir Har. COLONEL, your most obedient; I am come upon the old business; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir?

Riv. No, Sir; I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

Sir. Har. I do, but what then? engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do; but I also know, that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question, before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly that it is my interest to be a rascal—

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel: I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed -

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness; And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments, and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, show some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I show the greatest regard for my daughter by giving her to a man of honour: and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it was to be purchased by the violation of my word: Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she was mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done: but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies: I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for the union of interests I look upon as a union of dishonour; and consider a marriage for money, at best, but a legal prostitution. FALSE DELICACY.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR JOHN MELVIL AND STERLING.

Sterl. WHAT are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length, after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands

made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Sterl. Uneasiness! what uneasiness? Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law: and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, Sir; more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Sterl. What the deuce is all this! I do not understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word then, it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Sterl. How, Sir John? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What? refuse to—

Sir John. Be assured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me: for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Sterl. Why, did not you tell me, not a moment ago, it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir John. True: but you have another daughter, Sir—

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will, no doubt, recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for

my daughters, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house like the Grand Seignior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to the other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them? and—

Sir John. A moment's patience, Sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny should have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compensation! What compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of sense, and a man of business, a man of the world. I will deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I do not desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I will tell you, Sir. You know that, by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now, if you will but consent to my waving that marriage—

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage! Impossible, Sir John.

Sir John. I hope not, Sir; as, on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thousand, do you say?

Sir John. Yes, Sir; and accept of Miss Fanny, with fifty thousand instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Fifty thousand—

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Why, why, there may be something in that.—Let me see; Fanny with fifty thousand instead of Betsy with fourscore. But how can this be, Sir John? For you know

I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe, betwixt you and me, Sir John, is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it you know, are to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated. Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own. Ten thousand pounds therefore I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Sterl. Why, to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary; such things happen every day; and as the world had only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Sterl. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing.

Sterl. Odso! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our host here. There is another difficulty—

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Sterl. I cannot stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg. The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

Sterl. I do not know that. Betsy is her darling; and I cannot tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I will do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by the time that I may suppose that your

rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I will fly to her immediately: you promise me your assistance?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me!

Sterl. Harkee, Sir John!—Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir John. O, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir.

Sterl. You remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir John. To be sure I do.

Sterl. But, Sir John, one thing more. My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone!

Sterl. And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir John. To be sure, a bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please.

Sterl. I should have thought of more conditions; he is in a humour to give me everything. Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation truly! Here does this whirligig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange. By this mortgage, I shall have hold of his Terra Firma: and if he wants more money, as he certainly will, let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family. Well; thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

Stock. Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England.

Bel. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met, and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met a bad passage at this time o'year.

Bel. Nor did we: courier-like, we came posting to your shores upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; it is upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; it is the passage from the river-side I complain of.

Stock. Ay, indeed. What obstructions can you have met between this and the river side?

Bel. Innumerable! Your town 's as full of defiles as the island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle, and confusion on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common council men in your streets; that, unless a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel. Why, faith, it was all my own fault; accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of customhouse extortioners, boatmen, tidewaiters, and water-bailiffs that beset me on all sides worse than a swarm of mosquitos, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which my person and apparel suffered so much that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock. Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough sample you have

had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you will not think the worse of them for it.

Bel. Not at all; not at all; I like them the better: were I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow-subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effect of it in every bone in my skin.—Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stock. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton despotic power; but as a subject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

Bel. True, Sir; most truly said; mine 's a commission, not a right: I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother. While I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind: but, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will, and oftentimes they leave to reason and virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stock. Come, come, the man who can accuse, corrects himself.

Bel. Ah! that is an office I am weary of; I wish a friend would take it up: I would to heaven you had leisure for the employ! but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. Well, I am not discouraged, this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not among the number.

Bel. No; if I knew that man on earth, who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

Stock. And, were I to choose a pupil, it should be one of your complexion; so, if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your admission, and enter upon a course of lectures directly.

Bel. With all my heart. WEST INDIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD EUSTACE AND FRAMPTON.

Ld. Eust. Well, my dear Frampton, have you secured the letters?

Fram. Yes, my lord, for their rightful owners.

Ld. Eust. As to the matter of property, Frampton, we will not dispute much about that. Necessity, you know, may sometimes render a trespass excusable.

Fram. I am not casuist sufficient to answer you upon that subject; but this I know, that you have already trespassed against the laws of hospitality and honour, in your conduct toward sir William Evans and his daughter; and, as your friend and counsellor both, I would advise you to think seriously of repairing the injuries you have committed, and not increase your offence by a farther violation.

Ld. Eust. It is actually a pity you were not bred to the bar, Ned; but I have only a moment to stay, and am all impatience to know if there be a letter from Langwood, and what he says.

Fram. I shall never be able to afford you the least information upon that subject, my lord.

Ld. Eust. Surely I do not understand you. You said you had secured the letters—Have you not read them?

Fram. You have a right, and none but you, to ask me such a question. My weak compliance with your first proposal relative to these letters warrants your thinking so meanly of me. But know, my lord, that though my personal affection for you, joined to my unhappy circumstances, may have betrayed me to actions unworthy of myself, I never can forget, that there is a barrier fixed before the extreme of baseness, which honour will not let me pass.

Ld. Eust. You will give me leave to tell you, Mr. Frampton, that where I lead, I think you need not halt.

Fram. You will pardon me, my lord; the consciousness of another man's errors can never be a justification for our own; and poor indeed must that wretch be, who can be satisfied with the negative merit of not being the worst man he knows.

Ld. Eust. If this discourse were uttered in a conventicle, it might have its effect, by setting the congregation to sleep.

Fram. It is rather meant to rouse than lull your lordship.

Ld. Eust. No matter what it is meant for; give me the letters, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. Yet excuse me. I could as soon think of arming a madman's hand against his own life, as suffer you to be guilty of a crime, that will for ever wound your honour.

Ld. Eust. I shall not come to you to heal the wound: your medicines are too rough and coarse for me.

Fram. The soft poison of flattery might, perhaps, please you better.

Ld. Eust. Your conscience may, probably, have as much need of palliatives as mine, Mr. Frampton; as I am pretty well convinced, that your course of life has not been more regular than my own.

Fram. With true contrition, my lord, I confess part of your sarcasm to be just. Pleasure was the object of my pursuit: and pleasure I obtained, at the expense both of health and fortune; but yet, my lord, I broke not in upon the peace of others; the laws of hospitality I never violated; nor did I ever seek to injure or seduce the wife or daughter of my friend.

Ld. Eust. I care not what you did; give me the letters.

Fram. I have no right to keep, and therefore shall surrender them, though with the utmost reluctance; but, by our former friendship, I entreat you not to open them.

Ld. Eust. That you have forfeited.

Fram. Since it is not in my power to prevent your committing an error, which you ought for ever to repent of, I will not be a witness of it. There are the letters.

Ld. Eust. You may, perhaps, have cause to repent your present conduct, Mr. Frampton, as much as I do our past attachment.

Fram. Rather than hold your friendship upon such terms, I resign it for ever. Farewell, my lord.

Re-enter FRAMPTON.

Fram. Ill-treated as I have been, my lord, I find it impossible to leave you surrounded by difficulties.

Ld. Eus. That sentiment should have operated sooner, Mr. Frampton. Recollection is seldom of use to our friends, though it may sometimes be serviceable to ourselves.

Fram. Take advantage of your own expressions, my lord, and recollect yourself. Born and educated, as I have been, a gentleman, how have you injured both yourself and me, by admitting and uniting, in the same confidence, your rascally servant!

Ld. Eust. The exigency of my situation is a sufficient excuse to myself, and ought to have been so to the man who called himself my friend.

Fram. Have a care, my lord, of uttering the least doubt upon that subject; for could I think you once mean enough to suspect the sincerity of my attachment to you, it must vanish at that instant.

Ld. Eust. The proofs of your regard have been rather painful of late, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. When I see my friend upon the verge of a precipice, is that a time for compliment? Shall I not rudely rush forward and drag him from it? Just in that state you are at present, and I will strive to save you. Virtue may languish in a noble heart, and suffer her rival, Vice, to usurp her power; but Baseness must not enter, or she flies for ever. The man who has forfeited his own esteem thinks all the world has the same consciousness, and therefore is, what he deserves to be, a wretch.

Ld. Eust. Oh, Framptom! you have lodged a dagger in my heart!

Fram. No, my dear Eustace, I have saved you from one, from your own reproaches, by preventing your being guilty of a meanness, which you could never have forgiven yourself.

Ld. Eust. Can you forgive me, and be still my friend?

Fram. As firmly as I have ever been, my lord.—But let us, at present, haste to get rid of the mean business we are engaged in, and forward the letters we have no right to detain. School for Rakes.

CHAPTER IX.

DUKE AND LORD.

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Ev'n till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flatt'ry; these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in ev'rything.
—Come, shall we go, and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.
Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves much at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.
Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER X.

DUKE AND JAQUES.

Duke. WHY, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;——I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool; a miserable varlet!
As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I; No, Sir, quoth he;
Call me not fool, till Heav'n hath sent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.
Duke. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voy'ge, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observations, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain, as way to parish church;

He whom a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Ev'n by the squand'ring glances of a fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the gen'ral world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party.
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders;
Who can come in and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his brav'ry is not on my cost;
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? let me see wherein
My tongue has wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Ch. Just. I AM assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry. No? might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his pow'r lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in the very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought:
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
After this cold consid'rance sentence me:
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sov'reignty.
P. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this
well:
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So shall I live to speak my father's words;
Happy am I, that have a man so bold

That dares do justice on my proper son;
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of justice——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave;
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my seeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb unto the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us.
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our state,
And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
No prince, or peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XII.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' th' last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temp'ral lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus;
As much as would maintain to the king's honour
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And to relief of lazars and weak age
Of indigent faint souls, past corp'ral toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not;
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a ready current, scouring faults:
Nor ever hydra-headed Wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We're blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it had been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences:
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress of this theoric.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like a summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAMLET AND HORATIO.

Hor. HAIL to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well.
Horatio!——or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend: I'll change that name with you:
And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so!
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in Elsinoor?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's fun'ral.
Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my direst foe in Heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father——Methinks I see my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father!
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration but a while
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For Heav'n's love, let me hear!

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; while they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true:
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?
Mar. and Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Hor. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Hor. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw not you his face?
Hor. O yes, my lord: he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like. Staid it long?
Hor. While one with mod'rate haste might tell a hundred.
Ham. His beard was grisled?—no.—
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assumes my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though Hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be ten'ble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befal to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your love: so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. WILL you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony;
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the show of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passio
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassiu
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot seek yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To ev'ry new protestor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay? do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the gen'ral good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indiff'rently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life: but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did,
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true; this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius—
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus! and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some times are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats does this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus, one that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
Be any farther moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay unto us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XV.

BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AND ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A GOODLY day! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: see! boys, this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill,
Your legs are young. I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold,

Than is the full wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check:
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble:
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd:—no life to ours.
Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat,
Our valour is to chase what flies: our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing out bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure.—Oh, boys, this story
The world might read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robb'ry, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Guid. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to Cymbeline
I was confed'rate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to Heav'n than in all
The fore-end of my time—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
The ven'son first shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.
I'll meet you in the valleys.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XVI.

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

Jub. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thy eyes thus coldly on thy prince?
Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?

Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fir'y steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Jub. These are all virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world;
To lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Syph. Patience, just Heav'ns!—Excuse an old man's warmth—
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?
Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato.
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat:

And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African,
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the foll'wing day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, wont discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Or how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his grief, like Cato?
Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious;
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.
Syph. O, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What would'st thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus:
Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears,) then sighing, cried,
Prithee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas! the story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy direction:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand it's shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Syph. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety
Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Syph. And therefore died.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths
Than wound my honour.
Syph. Rather say your love.
Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper:
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer lov
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress

Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.
Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair (O, how divinely fair!),
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

CATO.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDWARD AND WARWICK.

Edw. LET me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my sight.—
Enter WARWICK.
War. Behold him here;
No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
My lord of Suffolk's leave—there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.
Edw. There was a time, perhaps,
When Warwick more desir'd, and more—deserv'd it.
War. Never; I've been a foolish, faithful slave,
All my best years; the morning of my life
Hath been devoted to your service: what
Are now the fruits? Disgrace and infamy!
My spotless name, which never yet the breath

Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at; but 'tis fit
Who trust in princes should be thus rewarded.
Edw. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward
Stood like a cipher in the great account.
War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated thee
On England's throne? Thy undistinguish'd name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprang,
And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,
This wretched country, doom'd perhaps like Rome
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
Toss'd for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd
Your shatter'd vessel safe into the harbour.
You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid,
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend deserves a foe.
Edw. Know too, reproach for benefits receiv'd
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.
War. Why that indeed is frugal honesty;
A thrifty, saving knowledge: when the debt
Grows burdensome, and cannot be discharg'd,
A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.
Edw. When you have counted o'er the num'rous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you; let me know them all,
And I will make you ample satisfaction.
War. Thou canst not: thou hast robb'd me of a jewel
It is not in thy power to restore;
I was the first, shall future annals say,
That broke the sacred bond of public trust,
And mutual confidence; ambassadors

In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
Of venal statesmen, shall recal my name
To witness that they want not an example,
And plead my guilt to sanctify their own.
Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
That haunt your court, could none be found but Warwick
To be the shameless herald of a lie?

Edw. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me?
If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels,
That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betrayed;
My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance!
Her wounds will never close.

Edw. These gusts of passion
Will but inflame them. If I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars
Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
As deep, though not so fatal; such, perhaps,
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

War. Elizabeth!

Edw. Nay, start not; I have cause
To wonder most: I little thought indeed,
When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
He was himself so able to instruct me:
But I've discover'd all—

War. And so have I
Too well I know thy breach of friendship there,
Thy fruitless base endeavours to supplant me.

Edw. I scorn it, Sir—Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you t' admire them;
Nor see I ought so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.

War. By Heav'n, 'tis false!
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
While I was busied in the noble office
Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,
To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,

To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
A treasure, which your kingdom could not purchase.
Edw. How know you that? But be it as it may,
I have a right; nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege
To choose the partner of my throne and bed;
It is a branch of my prerogative.
War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants:
A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown
With specious lustre, lent but to betray:
You had it, Sir, and hold it—from the people.
Edw. And therefore do I prize it: I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine;
But when proud Faction and her rebel crew
Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people,
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.
War. Go to your darling people, then; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause
If I forbid them.
Edw. Is it so, my lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so; the king who delegates
His pow'r to others' hands but ill deserves
The crown he wears.
War. Look well then to your own,
It sits but loosely on your head; for know
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.
Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward—
You may repent it, Sir—my guards there—seize
This traitor, and convey him to the Tow'r;
There let him learn obedience.

EARL OF WARWICK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOTSPUR AND GLENDOWER.

Glen. SIT, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name, as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale! and with
A risen sigh, he wisheth you in Heav'n.
Hot. And you in Hell as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glen. I blame him not: at my nativity
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; know, that at my birth
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.
Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. I say, the earth was not then of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.
Glen. The Heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the Heav'ns on fire!
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the impris'ning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth
Our grandam earth, with this distemperature
In passion shook.
Glen. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains; and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.
Glen. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court,
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart;
I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre-balladmongers!
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glen. Why, I can teach them to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*—
If thou hast power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've pow'r to drive him hence.
O, while you live, *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOTSPUR READING A LETTER.

"BUT for my own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there in respect to the love I bear your house." could be contented to be there; why is he not then?

'In respect of the love he bears our house?" He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous." Why, that is certain: it is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower safety. "The "purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have "named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole "plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposi-"tion." Say you so! say you so! I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue this is! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Are there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? And are there not some of them set forward already. What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to night.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XX.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattl'd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why singest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him. I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my Lord? Why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O! When the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endear'd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkly of what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express of words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand, to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies;
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive! This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood:
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, however rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers;
Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not! but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

SHAKSPEARE.

BOOK VII.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

CHAPTER I.

SENSIBILITY.

DEAR Sensibility; source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who liftest him up to Heaven. Eternal fountain of our feelings! It is here I trace thee, and this is the divinity which stirs within me: not that in some sad and sickening moments, "my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction"—mere pomp of words! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great, great Sensorium of the world! which vibrates if a hair of our head but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation. Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish; hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains. He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you. STERNE.

CHAPTER II.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change——no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking *nearer*, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the

western breeze had not fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement, which my fancy had drawn. STERNE.

CHAPTER III.

CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

——My young master in London is dead, said Obadiah.—

—Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen—master Bobby is dead.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh. Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

He was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman.—Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrofetide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability), and are we not

(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment! —It was infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears—We are not stocks and stones—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook maid, all melted. The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish kettle upon her knees, was roused with it. The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

"Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?" There was nothing in the sentence—it was one of your self evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day, and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it.

"Are we not here now, continued the corporal, and are we not" (dropping his hat plump upon the ground—and pausing before he pronounced the word) "gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneeded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it; his hand seemed to vanish under it, it fell dead, the corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse, and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

STERNE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

——All our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:

He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say! what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
   Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
   And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
   Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. POPE.

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'ring, but reliev'd their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;

› them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
ıt all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
s some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
rells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
hough round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
:ernal sunshine settles on its head. GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress:
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts that round them fly;
Nor, meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess sooths my care.
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.

Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made;
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving man, not quite a clown;
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And, better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise:
May Heaven ('t is all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state;
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land;
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim:
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in ev'ning fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quitrents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills, through plains, in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day:
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid;
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate:

And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pasture speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy topknots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naïads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.
  Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea;
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart,
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath, untouch'd, to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And, wearing Virtue's liv'ry, smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down.[a],
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mell'wing into age;

When fate extends its gath'ring gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to blossom soon again.

GREEN.

CHAPTER VII.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse:
Now while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong,
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells:
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head:
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal;

The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Soon or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise;
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heav'n's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps,

So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependance find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen the broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of fate;
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swiftly, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus in Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, and ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,

How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye,
A step methinks may pass the stream;
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
  O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
'Tis thus the busy beat the air;
And misers gather wealth and care.
  Now, ev'n now, my joys run high
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
  Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill. DYER.

CHAPTER VIII.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know:
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band

(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horrour's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

Gray.

CHAPTER IX.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry,
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind:
Or pining Love shall waste their youth.
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest wo.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies;
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

CHAPTER X.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
" Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
" Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn, I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God. GRAY.

CHAPTER XI.

WARRINGTON ACADEMY

MARK where its simple front yon mansion rears,
The nursery of men for future years!
Here callow chiefs and embryo statesmen lie,
And unfledg'd poets short excursions try;

While Mersey's gentle current, which too long
By fame neglected, and unknown to song,
Between his rushy banks (no poet's theme)
Had crept inglorious, like a vulgar stream,
Reflects th' ascending seats with conscious pride,
And dares to emulate a classic tide.
Soft music breathes along each op'ning shade,
And soothes the dashing of his rough cascade;
With mystic lines his sands are figur'd o'er,
And circles trac'd upon the letter'd shore.
Beneath his willows rove th' inquiring youth,
And court the fair majestic form of truth.
Here Nature opens all her secret springs,
And Heav'n-born Science plumes her eagle wings;
Too long had bigot Rage, with malice swell'd,
Crush'd her strong pinions, and her flight withheld;
Too long to check her ardent progress strove:
So writhes the serpent round the bird of Jove,
Hangs on her flight, restrains her tow'ring wing,
Twists its dark folds, and points its venom'd sting;
Yet still, if aught aright the Muse divine,
Her rising pride shall mock the vain design;
On sounding pinions yet aloft shall soar,
And through the azure deep untravell'd paths explore.
Where Science smiles, the Muses join the train,
And gentlest arts and purest manners reign.
  Ye gen'rous Youth, who love this studious shade,
How rich a field is to your hopes display'd!
Knowledge to you unlocks the classic page,
And virtue blossoms for a better age.
O, golden days! O, bright unvalued hours!
What bliss (did ye but know that bliss) were yours!
With richest stores your glowing bosoms fraught,
Perception quick, and luxury of thought;
The high designs, that heave the lab'ring soul,
Panting for fame, impatient of control;
And fond enthusiastic thought, that feeds
On pictur'd tales of vast heroic deeds;
And quick affections, kindling into flame
At virtue's or their country's honour'd name;
And spirits light, to ev'ry joy in tune;
And friendship, ardent as a summer's noon;

And gen'rous scorn of vice's venal tribe;
And proud disdain of int'rest's sordid bribe;
And conscious honour's quick instinctive sense;
And smiles unforc'd; and easy confidence;
And vivid fancy; and clear simple truth;
And all the mental bloom of vernal youth.
How bright the scene to Fancy's eye appears,
Through the long perspective of distant years,
When this, this little group their country calls
From academic shades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her spirit to sustain,
And light up glory through her wide domain!
Their various tastes in diff'rent arts display'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and shade,
With friendly union in one mass shall blend,
And this adorn the state, and that defend.
These the sequester'd shade shall cheaply please,
With learned labour and inglorious ease;
While those, impell'd by some resistless force,
O'er seas and rocks shall urge their vent'rous course;
Rich fruits, matur'd by glowing suns, behold,
And China's groves of vegetable gold;
From ev'ry land the various harvest spoil,
And bear the tribute to their native soil;
But tell each land (while every toil they share,
Firm to sustain, and resolute to dare)
MAN is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And SOULS are ripen'd in our northern sky.
Some pensive creep along the shelly shore,
Unfold the silky texture of a flow'r,
With sharpen'd eyes inspect a hornet's sting,
And all the wonders of an insect's wing.
Some trace with curious search the hidden cause
Of Nature's changes, and her various laws;
Untwist her beauteous web, disrobe her charms,
And hunt her to her elemental forms;
Or prove what hidden pow'rs in herbs are found,
To quench disease, and cool the burning wound;
With cordial drops the fainting head sustain,
Call back the flitting soul, and still the throbs of pain.
The patriot passion this shall strongly feel,
Ardent, and glowing with undaunted zeal;

With lips of fire shall plead his country's cause,
And vindicate the majesty of laws.
This, cloth'd with Britain's thunder, spread alarms
Through the wide earth, and shake the pole with arms;
That to the sounding lyre his deeds rehearse,
Enshrine his name in some immortal verse
To long posterity his praise consign,
And pay a life of hardships by a line.
While others, consecrate to higher aims,
Whose hallow'd bosoms glow with purer flames,
Love in their hearts, persuasion on their tongue,
With words of peace shall charm the list'ning throng,
Draw the dread veil that wraps th' eternal throne,
And launch our souls into the bright unknown.

MRS. BARBAULD

CHAPTER XII.

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the storms, that shake the pole,
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth, unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
    And clear undaunted eye,
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning through this vale of tears
    A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
    That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek,
    To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,
A tyrant master's wanton rage
    With settled smiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
    And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
    To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss rose and vi'let blossom round,
    And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
    And court thy gentle sway:
When Autumn, friendly to the muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
    And shed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
    And ev'ry storm is laid?
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
    Low whisp'ring through the shade.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAPTER XIII.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shad'wy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
 Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
 I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that rav'ning brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?
 Thou who such weary lengths hast pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought
Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek submitted Thoug
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,

When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
The pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee. COLLINS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye hosts of Saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Though now ye circle yon eternal throne,
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with Mercy's beam this gath'ring cloud of Fate?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height;
No train of radiant Saints descend.
" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
" Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne:
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd:
A bright Sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear:

" Attend, ye Sons of Men ; attend, and say,
" Does not enough of my refulgent ray
" Break through the veil of your mortality?
" Say, does not Reason in this form descry
" Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
" The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
" Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
" With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
" But emulates the di'mond's blaze,
" Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
" Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
" Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
" Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
" Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
" Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
" Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
" Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear
" Flush'd with the bloom of youth through Heav'n's eternal
" year.

" Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
" Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
" I shone amid the heav'nly throng;
" These eyes beheld Creation's day,
" This voice began the choral lay,
" And taught archangels their triumphant song.
" Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
" Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,
" Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
" And Ocean heave on its extended bed;
" Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
" The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.
" Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
" Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face;
" And, as he rose, the high behest was given
" That I alone, of all the host of Heav'n,
" Should reign Protectress of the godlike Youth:
" Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me Truth."

MASON.

CHAPTER XV.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flow'rs and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all commanding magic wand;
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow.
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water you reside,
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Midst forest dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown, sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,

And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each ev'ning warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each ev'ning meet
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads;
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads,
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song.
Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ:
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of wo,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some Virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tott'ring wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;

I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
" Give me another horse!" I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?——What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic Maid,
Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line;
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,

Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidst me sing.
O hear our pray'r! O hither come
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb!
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling grave;
O Queen of numbers! once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
And with some new unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his ev'ning walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics' studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase!
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

WARTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of vi'lets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Tow'rs and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their sav'ry dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound

To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nutbrown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate:
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shad'wy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
  Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.
  And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live. MILTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hov'ring dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended,
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimm'ring bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
  Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fi'ry-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In his sweetest, saddest plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'ns' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin! that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
  Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear.
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
  And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:

And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high imbowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live. Milton.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heav'ns,

To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowliest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol,
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark. MILTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely play'rs:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. First the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans ev'ry thing.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE AND RICHARD INTO LONDON.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

Duch. MY lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude, misgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke!
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage: and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had said at once
Jesu preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
While he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.
Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Ev'n so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience),
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE.

—REASON thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would reck: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain:
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the Gout, Serpigo, and the Rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But as it were an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I DO remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: among the rest demanded
My pris'ners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd negligently, I know not what:
He should, or should not; for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tow'r,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company, my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord! Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!

What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels;
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthened after life;
O then began the tempest to my soul:
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
"Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
"That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury!
"Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in Hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep pray'rs cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltles wife, and my poor children!
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me:
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Shakspeare.

CHAPTER XXIV.

QUEEN MAB.

O then I see queen Mab has been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bones; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Maid by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;

'hen dreams he of another benefice.
ometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
ɹnd then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
'f breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
'f healths five fathom deep; and then anon
'rums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes;
ɹnd being thus frighted swears a pray'r or two,
ɹnd sleeps again. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXV.

APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds.
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this pen'ry, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or past'ral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to smooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shad'wy car.

Then lead, calm Vot'ress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, bell'wing through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure found beneath thy Sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name! COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade)
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose pow'rful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can sooth the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd! the virgin train await,
With songs, and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and downy lawns,

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favour'd youth,
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender show'rs
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flow'ring osier's early shoots;
And call those winds, which through the whisp'ring boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flow'rs.

Now let me sit beneath the whit'ning thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale,
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph! approach, while yet the temp'rate Sun,
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dogstar
Shall scorch thy tresses; and the mower's sithe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For O! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights,
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O HAPPY they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where Friendship full exerts her softest pow'r,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul:
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
Let barb'rous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heav'n
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;

Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heav'n?
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.
O speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love:
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till ev'ning comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more resemblance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O, KNEW he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatt'rers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glitt'ring robe,
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life estrang'd
From disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When Heav'n descends in show'rs, or bends the bough;
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of stream,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;

Nor ought beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unsullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
Health over-blooming, unambitious Toil
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year:
Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Ev'n Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
O'er land and sea th' imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs;

Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twisted round his neck,
And, emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.

THOMSON.

CHAPTER XXX.

GENIUS.

FROM Heav'n my strains begin; from Heav'n descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'midst the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' almighty One; then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms—
The forms eternal—of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;

And clear autumnal skies, and vernal show'rs;
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heav'n: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain;
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On ev'ry part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand;
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The Mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd: they partake th' eternal joy.

AKENSID

CHAPTER XXXI.

GREATNESS.

SAY, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation? why ordain'd,
Through life and death, to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame?

But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain
To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heav'n. Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame!
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus, or Ganges, rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze,
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her Heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heav'ns;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hov'ring round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd,

She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs,
Exulting, measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene. AKENSIDE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOVELTY.

CALL now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man: how far beyond
The praise of mortals may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom; Nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.

Witness the sprightly joy, when ought unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
In ev'ry breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on,
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores, that wait the rip'ning soul
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What needs words
To paint its pow'r? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wise and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when ev'ry maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night,
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of 'witching rhymes
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of Hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At ev'ry solemn pause the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shiv'ring sighs; till, eager for th' event,
Around the beldam all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

AKENSIDE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PHILANTHROPY.

When erst Contagion, with mephitic breath,
And wither'd Famine, urg'd the work of death,
Marseilles' good bishop, London's gen'rous mayor,
With food and faith, with med'cine and with pray'r,
Rais'd the weak head, and stay'd the parting sigh,
Or with new life relum'd the swimming eye.
—And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journ'ying seeks the house of Woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where Anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mould'ring bone,
And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whisp'ring friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health;
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
Leads stern-ey'd Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Or guides awaken'd Mercy through the gloom,
And shows the prison sister to the tomb!
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life!
The spirits of the good, who bend from high
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye
When first, array'd in Virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;

w round his brows her sunlike glory blaze
arrowy circles of unwearied rays;
istook a mortal for an angel guest,
nd ask'd what seraph foot the earth impress'd.
nward he moves! Disease and Death retire,
nd murm'ring demons hate him, and admire.

DARWIN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
  Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flow'r,
  And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
  And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
  On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
  For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
  I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
  Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
  Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
  Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address
  May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE POET'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON.

Maria! I have ev'ry good
  For thee wish'd many a time,
Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
  But never yet in rhyme.

To wish thee fairer is no need,
  More prudent, or more sprightly,
Or more ingenious, or more freed
  From temper-flaws unsightly.

What favour, then, not yet possess'd,
  Can I for thee require,
In wedded love already bless'd
  To thy whole heart's desire?

None here is happy but in part;
  Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in ev'ry heart,
  And, doubtless, one in thine.

That wish, on some fair future day,
  Which fate shall brightly gild,
('T is blameless, be it what it may,)
  I wish it all fulfill'd. COWPER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INKGLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

Patron of all those luckless brains,
  That, to the wrong side leaning,
Endite much metre with much pains,
  And little or no meaning;

Ah! why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
In constant exhalations;

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stol'n away
A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air
It floats a vapour now,
Impell'd through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd, perhaps, ere summer flies,
Combin'd with millions more,
To form an iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot
Of all that ever pass'd my pen
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
To meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
But has left a regret and esteem,
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last ev'ning ramble we made,
  Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delay'd,
  By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paus'd under many a tree,
  And much she was charm'd with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
  Who had witness'd so lately her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
  And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
  Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteem'd
  The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seem'd
  So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
  In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
  Would feel herself happier here;
For the close-woven arches of limes,
  On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times,
  Than all that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
  With a well-judging taste from above;
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
  'Tis Nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
  May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys, diffuse
  A lasting—a sacred delight.

Since, then, in the rural recess
  Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
  The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
  From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
  To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
  To wing all her moments at home,
And with scenes that new rapture inspire
  As oft as it suits her to roam;
She will have just the life she prefers,
  With little to wish or to fear;
And ours will be pleasant as hers,
  Might we view her enjoying it here.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE EVENING WALK.

A TRUCE to thought! and let us o'er the fields,
Across the down, or through the shelving wood,
Wind our uncertain way. Let Fancy lead,
And be it ours to follow, and admire,
As well we may, the graces infinite
Of Nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
That winter needs, and may at will obtain,
Of authors chaste and good; and let us read
The living page, whose ev'ry character
Delights, and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new—
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed. See, ere we pass
Alcanor's threshold, to the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction with her snowy bells,
The Lily of the Vale. She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun:
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth
Stoop their high heads, that vainly were expos'd,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,

Still shelter'd and secure. And so the storm,
That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
That shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
We lesser folks feel not. Keen are the pains
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.

But come, we loiter. Pass unnotic'd by
The sleepy Crocus, and the staring Daisy,
The courtier of the sun. What see we there?
The lovesick Cowslip, that her head inclines,
To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek
And soft-ey'd Primrose. Dandelion this,
A college youth, that flashes for a day
All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touch'd by the magic hand of some grave bishop,
And all at once, by commutation strange,
Becomes a Reverend Divine.

Then mark
The melancholy Hyacinth, that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day.

How gay this meadow—like a gamesome boy
New cloth'd, his locks fresh comb'd and powder'd, he
All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars
Shine in the azure canopy of Heav'n,
As kingcups here are scatter'd, interspers'd
With silver daisies.

See, the toiling swain
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought,
To win the glory of the barren waste!
For what more noble than the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd kingcup in his hand,
And quaff the subtile ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see

Fantastically trod. There Oberon
His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glowworm lights, and dusky night illumes;
And there they foot it featly round, and laugh.
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
Regards, and bites it not in reverence.
Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock
His clarion sounds—the dance breaks off—the lights
Are quench'd—the music hush'd—they speed away
Swifter than thought, and still the break of day
Outrun, and chasing Midnight as she flies,
Pursue her round the globe. So Fancy weaves
Her flimsy web, while sober Reason sits,
And smiling wonders at the puny work,
A net for her; then springs on eagle wing,
Constraint defies, and soars above the sun.

But mark with how peculiar grace yon wood,
That clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze
Her sea of leaves; thither we turn our steps,
And by the way attend the cheerful sound
Of woodland harmony, that always fills
The merry vale between. How sweet the song
Day's harbinger attunes! I have not heard
Such elegant divisions drawn from art.
And what is he that wins our admiration?
A little speck that floats upon the sunbeam.
What vast perfection cannot Nature crowd
Into a puny point! The nightingale,
Her solo anthem sung, and all that heard,
Content, join in the chorus of the day,
She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Just shows her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit, and twit;
And then, in bow'r of apple blossoms perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

The chimney haunting swallow, too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see

How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twitter'd to young-ey'd day.

But most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work—
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With ev'ry implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

The bee observe;
She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form; a cunning architect,
That at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,
Travels the livelong day! Ye idle drones,
That rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, look here! and learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis,
To live by industry. The busy tribes
Of bees so emulous are daily fed
With Heav'n's peculiar manna. 'Tis for them,
Unwearied alchymists, the blooming world
Nectarious gold distils. And bounteous Heav'n,
Still to the diligent and active good,
This very labour makes the certain cause
Of future wealth.

But see, the setting sun
Puts on a milder countenance, and skirts
The undulated clouds, that cross his way
With glory visible. His axle cools,
And his broad disk, though fervent, not intense,
Foretells the near approach of matron night.

e fair, retreat! Your drooping flowers need
'holesome refreshment. Down the hedge-row path
'e hasten home, and only slack our speed
o gaze a moment at th' accustom'd gap,
hat all so unexpectedly presents
he clear cerulean prospect down the vale.
ispers'd along the bottom flocks and herds,
ay-ricks and cottages, beside a stream,
hat silverly meanders here and there;
nd higher up corn-fields, and pastures, hops,
nd waving woods, and tufts, and lonely oaks,
'hick interspers'd as Nature best was pleas'd.

Happy the man, who truly loves his home,
nd never wanders farther from his door
'han we have gone to day; who feels his heart
till drawing homeward, and delights, like us,
nce more to rest his foot on his own threshold.

HURDIS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

BENEATH him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth: for blissful paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Arnon eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil,
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste:
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
Our death: the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill

Pass'd underneath engulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden: thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how—if Art could tell—
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, worthy of paradise, which not vile art
In beds and envious knots, but Nature boon,
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves where rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
On palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves,
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape and gently weeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
The crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves; while Universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,

Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden. MILTON.

CHAPTER XL.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth Bay,
Her crew had seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
But the tall Pinta, till the noon had held her close in chase;
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcomb's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

* * * * * *

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff comes,
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look, how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down;
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield!
So glared he when at Agincourt, in wrath he turned at bay,
And crush'd and torn, beneath his paws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag staff deep, Sir Knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair maids.
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute! ho! gallants, draw your blades!
Thou sun shine on joyously—ye breezes waft her wide—
Our glorious *semper eadem*—the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of air unfurl'd that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be;
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beechy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's tow'rs, o'er Cranbourn's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu;

ight quick and sharp the bells, all night, rang out from
Bristol town,
nd ere the day, three thousand horse had met on Clifton
Down.
'he sentinel on Whitehall Gate look'd forth unto the
night,
nd saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-
red light;
'he bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence
broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering
fires—
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peel'd loud the voice
of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurry-
ing feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes flash'd down each
waving street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast, from every village round, the horse came spur-
ring in;
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike
errand bent,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
courses forth,
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for
the North;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang
from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky
dales;
Till like volcanoes, flared and heaved the stormy hills of
Wales;

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height;
Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide Vale of
Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

T. B. Macaulay.

BOOK VIII.

PATHETIC PIECES.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behid him at a small sideboard. The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack—'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby—do, Trim—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow:—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my

uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?——Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.———I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe, and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby——He is, said the corporal———And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby———I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:"——And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,

—we can hire horses from hence.———But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the deathwatch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;———but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, while I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.———I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier —The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.———Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; —I wish I had him here.

———I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal. ———I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad

if I would step up stairs.———I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side: and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.——

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—— A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water;—or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches; —harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here; countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I, for I was piqu'd, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duty in this world,—and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow:—in the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: ——I hope not, said the corporal.——But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes——he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed——and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligation to him, is one le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not—said he a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story, added he: Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I—In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed its twice.—Here, Billy, said he—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; ——shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied

by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon. —'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs: and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders——But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——That, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts toward the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, —but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredst

him whatever was in my house—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim;—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs——

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off:——An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the corporal.——He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.——He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—Ah welladay,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die. ——He shall not die, by G—d! cried my uncle Toby.

—The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in——and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purse into his breeches' pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun look'd bright the morning after to every eye in the village but le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—

where was his pain—and what he could do to help him?—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, le Fevre, said my uncle Toby to my house—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter—and we'll have an apothecary—and the corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it, which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.——

Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place——the pulse flutter'd——stopp'd——went on——throbb'd——stopp'd again——mov'd——stopp'd——shall I go on?——No.

STERNE.

CHAPTER II.

YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breath'd his last, Eugenius stepped in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if

it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.——Yorick replied, with a look up and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to the heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted, let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them; who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head;—For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. —I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his nightcap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—I beseech thee to take a view of my head. I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pancha, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from Heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them, and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, under a

plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription; serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas! poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him:—a footway crossing the churchyard close by his grave – not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look on it, and sighing, as he walks on,

Alas! poor YORICK!

STERNE.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O give relief; and Heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from their door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

O! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of Sorrow, and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! Oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O! give relief! and Heav'n will bless your store.

CHAPTER IV.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O, ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
Those cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' wo.
What can atone (O, ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances, and the public show:
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow:
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more! **Pope.**

CHAPTER V.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Lookst from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere!
Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore? he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r
As great might have aspir'd; and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal wo.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flee
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I flee is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd,
With other promises, and other vaunts,
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep
Which would but lead us to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and, with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
And by thee more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

MILTON

CHAPTER VI.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd—My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

CATO.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUTHAMPTON AND ESSEX.

Officer. My Lord,
We bring an order for your execution,
And hope you are prepared; for you must die
This very hour.
South. Indeed! the time is sudden!
Essex. Is death th' event of all my flattered hope?
False sex! and Queen more perjured than them all!
But die I will without the least complaint;
My soul shall vanish silent as the dew
Attracted by the sun from verdant fields
And leaves of weeping flow'rs.—Come, my dear friend,
Partner in fate, give me thy body in
These faithful arms, and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my Lords, and Heav'n my witness too,
I have no weight, no heaviness on my soul,
But that I've lost my dearest friend his life.
South. And I protest by the same powers divine,
And to the world, 'tis all my happiness,
The greatest bliss of mind yet e'er enjoyed,
Since we must die, my Lord, to die together.
Officer. The Queen, my lord Southampton, has been pleas'd
To grant particular mercy to your person;
And has by us sent you a reprieve from death,
With pardon of your treasons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.
South. O my unguarded soul! Sure never was
A man with mercy wounded so before.
Essex. Then I am loose to steer my wand'ring voyage;
Like a bad vessel, that has long been cross'd,
And bound by adverse winds, at last gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the sail she can
To reach her wish'd-for port—Angels protect
The Queen; for her my chiefest prayers shall be,
That as in time she spar'd my noble friend,
And owns his crimes worth mercy, may she ne'er

Think so of me too late, when I am dead—
Again, Southampton, let me hold thee fast,
For 'tis my last embrace.
South. O be less kind, my friend, or move less pity,
Or I shall sink beneath the weight of sadness!
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And should have smil'd to share the death of Essex.
Essex. O spare this tenderness for one that needs it.
For her that I commit to thee, 'tis all
I claim of my Southampton.—O my wife!
Methinks that very name should stop thy pity,
And make thee covetous of all as lost,
That is not meant to her—be a kind friend
To her, as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying Essex to thy queen,
Lest it should cost a tear, nor e'er offend her.
South. O stay, my Lord; let me have one word more;
One last farewell, before the greedy axe
Shall part my friend, my only friend, from me
And Essex from himself—I know not what
Are called the pangs of death, but sure I am,
I feel an agony that's worse than death——
Farewell.
Essex. Why that's well said——Farewell to thee——
Then let us part just like two travellers,
Take distant paths, only this diff'rence is,
Thine is the longest, mine the shortest way——
Now let me go—if there's a throne in Heav'n
For the most brave of men and best of friends,
I will bespeak it for Southampton.
South. And I, while I have life, will hoard thy mem'ry:
When I am dead, we then shall meet again.
Essex. Till then, Farewell.
South. Till then, Farewell. EARL OF ESSEX.

CHAPTER VIII.

JAFFIER AND PIERRE.

Jaff. BY Heav'n, you stir not!
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak!
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow!

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fall'n beneath the basest injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy;
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;
Bnt, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That would'st encroach upon my cred'lous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? hence! I know thee not.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre!

Pier. No, know thee not; what art thou?

Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend,
Though now deserv'dly scorn'd and us'd most hardly.

Pier. Thou Jaffier! thou my once lov'd valu'd friend!
By Heav'ns, thou liest; the man so call'd, my friend,
Was gen'rous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect:
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee: by these tears I have not,
But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant;
My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly: Oh! look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
How my heart swells as e'en 'twould burst my bosom,
Fond of its goal, and lab'ring to be at thee.
What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thyself
That once beloved, valu'd friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. All's true; yet grant one thing and I've done asking.

Pier. What's that?
Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
The council have propos'd: thou and thy friend
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pier. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treach'rous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.
Jaff. By all that's just——
Pier. Swear by some other pow'rs,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.
Jaff. Then by that Hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.
Pier. Not leave me!
Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee;
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience;
I'll weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, though they spurn me,
Till wounded by my suff'rings thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
Pier. Art thou not——
Jaff. What?
Pier. A traitor.
Jaff. Yes.
Pier. A villain?
Jaff. Granted.
Pier. A coward, a most scand'lous coward,
Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?
Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless—
Pier. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false——

Jaff. No: 'tis to me that's granted:
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense of faith and trust so broken.
Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee:
And as, when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy mis'ries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate hath plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Giv'n with a worthless pledge thou since hast stol'n:
So I restore it back to thee again:
Swearing by all those pow'rs which thou hast violated
Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it.—Farewell, for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.
Pier. For my life, dispose of't
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.
Jaff. O Pierre!
Pier. No more.
Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.
Pier. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus, I throw thee from me:
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.

VENICE PRESERVED.

CHAPTER IX.

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

Orlan. WHO's there?
Adam. What, my young master! Oh, my gentle master!
Oh, my sweet master! Oh you memory
Of old sir Rowland! Why, what makes you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the hum'rous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlan. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. Oh, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the son,—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you us'd to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place: this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlan. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlan. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This must I do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orlan. O! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Ev'n with the having; 'tis not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty;
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER X.

SCROOP AND RICHARD.

Scroop. MORE health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold;
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us,
Cry wo, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard, bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills;
Against thy seat both young and old rebel
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Busby? where is Green?
—No matter where; of comfort no man speak,
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so——for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings;
How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and farewell King!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live on bread like you; feel want like you;
Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a King?

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull God! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case to a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That with the hurly Death itself awakes:
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

P. Henry. I NEVER thought to hear you speak again.
K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe! O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not:
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,
For now a time is come to mock at form;

Henry the Fifth is crown'd! up, Vanity!
Down, Royal state! All you sage couns'llors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleness:
Now neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum;
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint! and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riot,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
Oh, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears
(The moist impediments unto my speech)
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incred'lous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in med'cine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did affect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crooked ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All their bold feats,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered.
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort:
For thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;

And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRY VI., WARWICK, AND CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

K. Hen. How fares my Lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy Sov'reign.
Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where Death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy Sov'reign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——
Alive again? Then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him——

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them ;
Comb down his hair—look ! look ! it stands upright,
Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O thou Eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ;
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
—Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on Heav'n's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign ! O God, forgive him !
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIV.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a rip'ning, nips his shoot ;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !

There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no pow'r to speak, Sir.
Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline?—Nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities:
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heav'n!
Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.——
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!—
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secresy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down: O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever!
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell.
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,
(That sun I pray may never set;) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my Lord!
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my pray'rs
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(Though th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King——
And prithee lead me in——
There take an invent'ry of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, are all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! My hopes in heav'n do dwell.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XV.

LEAR.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world:
Crack Nature's mould, all germins spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!
Rumble thy bellyful, spit fire, spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand your brave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;

But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.
Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of Justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand:
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,
That, under cover of convivial seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life.—Close pent up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Those dreadful summoners grace!—I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XVI.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw.——
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
And on the blade o' th' dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The curtain'd Sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murder,

(Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch,) thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives—
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell,
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell!

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MACDUFF, MALCOLM AND ROSSE.

Macd. SEE who comes here?
Malc. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God! betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas! poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying or e'er they sicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Malc. What's the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Malc. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like; but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a free grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd! to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.
Malc. Merciful Heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?——
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I've said.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones!
Did you say all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
Malc. Endure it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now!
Malc. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath; blunt not the heart, enrage it!
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heav'n!
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then Heav'n forgive him too!
Malc. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King, our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the pow'rs above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utt'rance of my tongue,)
A curse shall light upon the line of men:
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit raging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse.—Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me.—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made.—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls; what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.
  Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the pow'r of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet,
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that spake this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!—
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier,-I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself,
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay more.—Fret till your proud heart break!
Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods!
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong me, Brutus.
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do what I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for,
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heav'n, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts!
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not.—Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worse, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger,
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd,
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are overearnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXI.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

Iago. My noble Lord——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.
Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my Lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my Lord!
Oth. Think, my Lord! Why, by Heav'n! thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say but now, "thou lik'st not that,"—
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost:
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem knaves.
Oth. Certain ! men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings;
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to ev'ry act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts !—Why, say they're vile and false;
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditation lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,
Think I perchance am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,) I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scatter'd and unsure observance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man or woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O beware, my Lord, of jealousy!
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good Heav'n! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions?—'Tis not to make me jealous
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well:
Where virtue is, these make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this: for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus: not jealous, nor secure!
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;

In Venice they do let Heav'n see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Go to then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft—But I'm much to blame—
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to you for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot; not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.
My Lord, I see you're mov'd——
Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how Nature's erring from itself——
Iago. Ay, there's the point!—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country-forms,
And haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might entreat your Honour,
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity:
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXII.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

OH that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead; nay, not so much; not two;—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of Heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!

Must I remember!——Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——Why, she, ev'n she——
(O Heav'n! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!——
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married!———O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAMLET AND GHOST.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy intent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane! oh! answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Ghost. Mark me.——
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas! poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fire,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love——
Ham. O Heav'n!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnat'ral murder!
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May fly to my revenge!
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
'Tis giv'n out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adult'rate b
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the pow'r
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air——
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebony in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leprous distilment.———
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft;
Cut off ev'n in the blossoms of my sin:
No reck'ning made! but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!
Ham. Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horril
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it no
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare-thee-well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.
Ham. O all you host of Heav'n! O earth! w
And shall I couple Hell? oh fie! hold, heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while mem'ry holds a seat
In this distracted globe! remember thee!
Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns o' th' time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't;
A brother's murder.——Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood;
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heav'ns
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down?——Then I'll look up;
My fault is past.——But oh! what form of pray'r
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the laws. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh, wretched state! oh, bosom black as death!
Oh, limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make essay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Not swell too high, nor sink too low;
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs:

Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes,
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main,
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rock, and skies rebound;
To arms! to arms! to arms!

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts?
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of wo,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts;
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.
By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove;
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
O, take the Husband, or return the Wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair:
Thus song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes.
Again she falls—again she dies—she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies.

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

Pope.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely Thäis by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre,
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world—
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity they shout around,
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew th
slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thäis sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.——
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand;
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal, to destroy.
Thäis led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. DRYDEN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.

Ye nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapless fav'rites shed,
O share Maria's grief!
Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Assassin'd by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung,
And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blest,
Well-taught, he all the sounds express'd
Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;
His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise
To sweep up all the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe alike to bird and mouse,
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage supported stood,
On props of smoothest shaven wood,
Large built, and lattic'd well.

Well lattic'd—but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peeled and dried,
The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole. All seem'd secure,
When led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long back'd, long tail'd, with whisker'd snout,
And badger-colour'd hide.

He, entering at the study door,
Its ample area 'gan explore;
And something in the wind
Conjectur'd, sniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food, chiefly, for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,
A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest;
In sleep he seem'd to view
A rat, fast clinging to his cage,
And, screaming at the sad presage,
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went—
Ah, Muse! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensu'd;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
He left poor Bully's beak.

He left it—but he should have ta'en:
That beak, whence issued many a strain
Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
Fast set within his own.

Maria weeps—the Muses mourn—
So when, by Bacchanalians torn,
On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remained to tell
The cruel death he died.

Cowper.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey Mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
* * * * *

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
* * * * * *

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.
* * * * *

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning-worshippers no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

* * * * *

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'r consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

* * * *

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till naught remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

* * * * * *

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days,'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders, that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury, with sighs, her slave resigns.

*   *   *   *   *

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

*   *   *   *   *

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease! petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
  My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
  I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude, where are the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
  Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
  I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
  I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
  My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
  In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
  Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
  These valleys and rocks never heard—
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
  Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
  Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
  Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest;
  The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
  And I to my cabin repair.
There 's mercy in every place;
  And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
  And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried!

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
  And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
  That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
  But we left him alone with his glory. Wolfe.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

r the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
ıd breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd;
ıd the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
ıd their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still

ıd there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
ıt through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride,
ıd the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
nd cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

nd there lay the rider distorted and pale,
ith the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
nd the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
ıe lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

nd the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
ıd the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
ıd the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
ıth melted like snow at the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Sir W. Scott.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HYMN WRITTEN IN INDIA.

From Greenland's icy mountains;
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
 Hath learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

BISHOP HEBER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON SOLITUDE.

NONE are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!

None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Byron.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON WAR.

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor sav'd your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Byron.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MELROSE ABBEY.

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem fram'd of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

SIR W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Campbell.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,
  How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
  O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound
  Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
  Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England—
  Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
  Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
  Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
  Some glorious page of old.

Blessed homes of England,
  How softly on their bowers,
Is laid the holy quietness
  That breathes from Sabbath hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
  Floats through their woods at morn,
All other sounds in that still time
  Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England
  By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
  And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.

And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE END.

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